

# THE RAMBLER.

---

VOL. II. *New Series.* DECEMBER 1854.

---

PART XII.

---

## AN ESTIMATE OF THE CHANGES NOW TAKING PLACE IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

IF we were capable of rejoicing in the humiliation of a powerful adversary, without regard to the well-being of our fellow-creatures, the present condition of our old enemy, the Established Church of England, must fill us with exultation. If, as our adversaries pretend, our only aim were a controversial victory, and the utter abolition of the pretences of our rivals, we might at this moment sheathe our swords in content, and quietly watch their destruction at the hands of those who call themselves their friends. Who, indeed, for generations past, have been our worst and most powerful opponents and tormentors, but the members of the Anglican communion? Who are they who have instigated every fresh act of persecution against us? Who have most fiercely resisted the abrogation of the penal laws? Who have banded themselves together most eagerly to banish us from society, to forbid the perusal of our books, to fasten upon us old and long-refuted charges, to travel in foreign lands only to import new calumnies against our faith, and to place a ban upon those who forsake all for the sake of joining us? Who was it that lately kindled the flames of passion against our hierarchy, and at this moment is longing for the banishment of our religious orders and the reimposition of political and civil disabilities upon us all? Who is it that, in shameless oblivion of its own origin, of the sources whence it acquired its wealth, and of the very title by which it claims to inherit the functions of the Apostles, is most busy in flooding the land with tracts and books denouncing us as the worst enemies of freedom, civilisation, and pure religion? Who are they who, Sunday after Sunday, neglect no available opportunity of classing us with Turks, Jews, and Atheists; and after reading prayers taken from our Missal and Breviary, in surplices borrowed from our usage, and decorated with Uni-

versity hoods acquired by a residence in the Colleges founded by our ancestors, mount their pulpits, and taking texts from that Bible whose very existence they owe to our care, proceed to make the walls raised by our fathers re-echo to denunciations of us and our iniquities, from the silliest and wildest vagaries of Low-Church ignorance, up to the elaborate and plausible misrepresentations of learned Puseyism? Who are these but the ministers of that vast institution, whose existence has for three centuries been bound up by most intimate ties with the name and constitution of England?

During its whole career, moreover, it has been the unfailing assertion of this institution, not only that Popery is wrong, but that Church-of-Englandism is right. It has uniformly professed to be in possession of the peculiar doctrines of Christianity in all their purity and integrity; and has claimed the merit of preserving and dispensing them as the undoubtedly revealed Word of God, which no man can deny, or diminish, or add to, without a grievous offence against the Majesty of God and the authority of the sacred Scriptures. *What* were the doctrines which thus constituted the revealed Word of God, has undoubtedly been a matter of incessant debate between the various members of the Established Church. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*, has been ever the correct description of their dogmatic teaching. Every man has, however, protested that the Church of England was on his side; that *his* views were the truth; and that what *he* held, the Church of England taught.

Nor has any thing less been claimed for the Establishment even by those—a small minority—who have held it to be her special glory that she admitted different theological schools within her pale; for they have maintained, that with this license in unimportant matters, she has combined a complete and practical maintenance of all essential truths. In fact, by the very distinction thus drawn between what is essential and what is non-essential, this “comprehensive” or “Broad-Church” party have repudiated the theory that nothing is really essential, and nothing certainly known as to what is the pure and eternal Gospel of Jesus Christ. Such, we say, has been the uniform profession of the entire Anglican communion as a body; allowing, of course, for individual exceptions of various kinds.

This assertion, moreover, has ever been the readiest weapon with which they have attacked the Catholic Church. Their one battle-cry has been, that we have corrupted or denied—not man’s opinions—but the everlasting and unchangeable Word of God; that Word which can no more be modified,



or endure decay or destruction, than Almighty God Himself in His own self-existent Essence. If the Church of England, with all its internal dissensions, does not uphold and teach some dogmatic substratum, some positive distinct Gospel,—then its very existence is a falsehood; its opinions evaporate into a mist of philosophical speculations, and the Book of Common Prayer must take its place side by side with Lucretius, Spinoza, Kant, and Dugald Stewart. If it has no clear and *true* Gospel to propagate among men, its separation from Rome was equivalent to a declaration that the Bible is to take rank with Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and that a wise man might as reasonably believe in the river Styx, and in Charon and his boat, as in the heaven and hell to which Christians have looked forward for the last eighteen centuries.

Who, then, would have a right to complain, if we exulted over the changes now taking place in the internal condition of our hereditary foe, and congratulated ourselves on the silent progress in her adherents of a systematic rejection of the very notion of dogmatic religion? Who, we say, would have a right to complain of us, if we thus acted in conformity with those principles which our adversaries impute to us, and sought—not man's salvation and the honour of Almighty God—but only a base, worldly, selfish triumph, a logical victory, a controversial crown?

What a change it is, indeed, that is now going on in the English world, uprooting from the entire national mind the first elements of belief in Christianity as a system of revealed and unchangeable doctrine! For many years past, this substitution of latitudinarianism for belief has been taking place among the various Dissenting bodies. Those who have watched the various Nonconformist publications of the last quarter of a century, and observed the acts of the Nonconformist sects, will bear us witness in stating, that a change of the most formidable and fundamental kind has come upon the prevalent opinions of British Dissent. Its old Puritan leaders, and its later guides, who fashioned its ideas in the days of Wesley and Whitfield, would hardly know their descendants as their children at all; they have lost their old belief in the inspiration of Scripture, and their intense conviction that truth, *as truth*, is infinitely precious; and that religious ideas and practices are to be measured, not merely by the rules of philosophy and expediency, but by their accordance with the distinctly-revealed doctrines of Jesus Christ. Of course, their interpretations of those doctrines were absurd enough, and their range of biblical criticism was bigoted, narrow, and shallow; but still they held, as to a sheet-anchor, that truth is

truth, and the Bible inspired. Now they have become "liberal," "tolerant," "philosophical," "critical," "enlightened," "benevolent;" in other words, they have lost those glimpses of eternity which once rejoiced their souls, and have acquiesced in the idea that it is better to criticise the Bible than to believe the Gospel.

And now, at length, the tide of scepticism is surging up into the high places of the Anglican Establishment. We do not say for a moment that it is a professed or a conscious scepticism, or that the present increase in popular morality and religious profession is not, in its way, perfectly genuine and sincere. Nay, we would admit still more; that in some respects the intentions of the present day are better than those of the past; that if people's ideas on Christian doctrine are worse than those of their fathers, their ideas on morals are, to a certain extent, more really enlightened and Christian. But with all this, the fact is frightfully manifest, that the Church of England is rapidly losing its grasp upon the relics of the Christian faith, which for three centuries it has, in some shape or other, preserved. Coincidentally with the advance of zeal and learning which we Catholics may fairly believe to be taking place among ourselves, our dominant opponent is parting with the last semblances of Catholicism which survived the shock of the "Reformation."

For, unquestionably and radically Protestant as the Anglican Church has ever been, it is certain, as a matter of fact, that her individual members have in many instances been brought up to revere certain elementary truths of Christianity, which, in their natural and logical development, become nothing less than absolute Catholicism. These truths, taken generally, are three; and they constitute those very essential doctrines which are the object of the deepest detestation on the part of Protestantism, pure and unmitigated; namely, a veneration for the creeds, a respect for a visible Church as a divinely-organised body, and a belief in the doctrine of sacramental efficacy. Carry out these three truths to their legitimate consequences, and we have the Catholic faith; deny them, and we have Protestantism in its naked reality. And, partly from one course, and partly from another, the English Establishment has been the instrument of bringing up millions and millions of persons in an implicit conviction that all these three truths form an essential element of the Christian revelation; not only the Puseyite school, and its predecessors the Nonjurors, but every thing that has been comprised under the term "High-Church," has taken its stand against "Evangelicalism" and Dissent on these three principles. The immense



numerical majority of Church-people, even when in connection with the most undisguised worldliness, have been taught from their childhood that the Apostles', the Nicene, and the Athanasian creeds were literally *true*; that to deny them, or to doubt them, was unlawful and altogether shocking; and that (for some unexplained reason or other) they did not stand on the same ground as mere human opinions, which any body might accept or reject as he pleased. In the directest opposition to this system stands that of the Low-Church party, always numerically in a small minority. The Low-Church school has professedly and pointedly based its creed, such as it was, on private interpretation of the Bible. It has scorned and denounced with virulence the very notion of creeds, as such, handed down from generation to generation, and *commanding* the acceptance of Christians in every age.

Again, the doctrine of a visible Church, with divinely appointed rulers and ministers, is as familiar to the English "Churchman" as his reception of the Ten Commandments. He looks down upon Dissenters, not only as a low, ungentelemanly, fanatical race, but as being excluded from the visible community of the faithful through their violation of the positive injunctions of our Lord and His Apostles, and their want of a lawfully-ordained ministry. No doubt his contempt is illogical enough, and the position he claims for himself is as untenable against Nonconformist anarchy as against Roman authority; but his principle, that Jesus Christ *did* erect a visible Church, with its perfect organisation and ministry, is true.

So, again, with the Sacraments. The Dissenter and the "Evangelical" denounce as soul-destroying the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. With five out of six of "Church-people" of all varieties, this doctrine lies at the root of the Christian life itself, and to deny it is held blasphemous. Even with respect to the holy Eucharist, false as is the Anglican theory with respect to the Presence of our Blessed Lord in the consecrated species, the High-Church party almost universally recognise the existence of *some* mysterious blessing produced by the act of consecration. The idea of the communication of grace by means of material channels, so far from being strange or repulsive to their minds, seems the most easy, simple, and Christian thing in the world. The very walls of their churches they in a certain vague way esteem "blest" and "consecrated;" while the purely Protestant school scoffs with coarse indecencies at every such "superstition."

And the result is what might have been anticipated. The transition from High-Church Anglicanism to true Catholicism is found the most easy and simple process conceivable by those



who practically carry it out. The foundations of the faith have been partly laid in their consciences and intellects from their childhood. What they have needed to make them Catholics has been instruction, additions, developments, consistency: the strictly *heretical* element has never permanently rooted itself in their minds. Profound undoubtedly has been the ignorance to be removed from their minds, and severe the struggle against the various temptations which combine to hold a man back within the grasp of Anglicanism; but, on the whole, so far as principles are concerned, none of that radical change has been necessary, without which the adherents of the puritanical and dissenting schools cannot make a single step towards Catholicism.

How difficult, again, it is to make a Dissenter or an "Evangelical" into a thoroughly *good* Catholic, in all his habitual modes of thought and feeling! How slow the process ordinarily is by which the spiritual and intellectual pride, the anti-sacramental prejudices, the coarse and unrefined feelings which prevail in those more consistent sects of Protestantism, are finally rooted out! Every thing, literally, has to be begun afresh in the mind and in the conscience. The whole attitude of the soul is uncatholic; and unless under favourable circumstances, years pass away before any truly Catholic *instincts* have leavened the character so long habituated to the instinct of heresy.

There is, moreover, another result which practically follows from the prevalence of the High-Church views among Protestants, of the deepest import to the welfare of the country. Wherever they are conscientiously held, there the administration of the Sacrament of Baptism is more likely to be valid than among the "Evangelical" or latitudinarian schools. We entertain not the slightest doubt that a far larger proportion of the infants baptised by Protestants have been really partakers of the sacramental grace since the Oxford movement than before it. Even among those who abhor the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, many have been awakened by the Puseyite arguments to a more careful administration of the sacrament, both as to its form and matter; and though it is to be feared that there are still a lamentable number of sham-baptisms, it is undeniable that they are not nearly so numerous as they were a quarter of a century ago.

Such, then, being the case as to the practical character of the various schools of Protestantism, we cannot view without the deepest apprehension the advance of the worst forms of unbelief amongst our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen. Our hearts being set, not upon our own personal exaltation, or upon

the growth of this or that political party, but upon the conversion of our adversaries, we look beyond all present and temporary manifestations of hostility or liberality towards us, and ask ourselves whether it will not be far more difficult to convert the disciples of this miserable latitudinarianism than to lead on the less heretical children of old-fashioned Anglicanism to that faith of which *they* are not *wholly* ignorant. We cannot overlook the fact, that while our political supporters have for the most part been of the self-styled liberal and latitudinarian schools, our actual converts, in the present and all past times, have been almost exclusively from the High-Church party in the Establishment. Everywhere where British Protestantism is known,—in England, Scotland, Ireland, and in America,—it is that class which has been bred up to believe in the Creed, in baptismal regeneration, and in the Apostolic succession, which has given the Church nineteen out of twenty of the souls whom she has saved; and we entertain not the slightest doubt, that much as we have suffered from that class in the day of its prosperity, it will be as nothing to what we shall have to endure from that latitudinarian and infidel party which has patronised us solely for its own purposes, and not from love to us or to God, but out of hatred to its own adversaries within the domain of Protestantism itself.

A striking proof of the relative gains to be won from the Low-Church and the High-Church schools is to be seen in the comparative numbers of converts supplied to Catholicism by Oxford and by Cambridge. Oxford has ever been the one chief seat of Tory church-and-king exclusiveness; turning up its nose at the vulgarities of Dissent, and the “superstitions” of Popery; teaching baptismal regeneration, the absolute necessity of episcopal ordination, and the sacredness of the creeds. Cambridge, on the other hand, has worn the magpie coat of religious liberalism; admitting Dissenters and Catholics to its colleges, abusing Oxford as bigoted and behind the age, loving geological theories more than patristic dogmas, and claiming generally to represent the brains, as Oxford has claimed to represent the cultivated refinement, of the English nation. But mark the practical results. For one convert that Cambridge has given to the Church, Oxford has given three or four; and even at this very day, the dogmatic principle, as such, has more hold upon Oxford, with all the changes it has undergone, than upon any other place in the kingdom. But if under its new *régime* Oxford becomes what Cambridge has been, *we* shall have cause for lamentation, and lamentation only.

Never, therefore, in our humble judgment, do Catholics commit a more serious error, in the way of practical prudence,

than when they ally themselves with those who are in reality the most bitter opponents of our faith, for the sake of the fugitive gains to be obtained by their cold and offensive alliance. Little as we may think it, there is immense scandal caused to those who *in their consciences* more or less respect the Catholic faith, by the preference we have sometimes shown for those who deny almost every thing of Christianity but the name. If we are wise, we [shall judge every political and religious party by a far more searching test than its accidental or political conduct towards ourselves. And inasmuch as our desire is not political victory, or the humiliation of haughty adversaries, but the saving of souls, we should watch with rejoicing the spread of those principles which *tend* to make men Catholics, even though accompanied with errors which practically influence them to an angry hostility against ourselves.

In reply to what we have said respecting the downhill progress of the Establishment as a *teaching* community, we may perhaps be referred to the extraordinary advances it has made during the last five-and-twenty years in church-building, and other similar extensions of its machinery. We may be desired to contrast the entire absence of any thing like a general popular move against the Establishment, with the indignant demands for its radical reformation and partial destruction with which the country resounded a quarter of a century ago. All now is peaceable and contented, save only when an imprudent Puseyite runs too hotly into the prejudices of Protestantism pure and undefiled, or some more speculative and honest latitudinarian announces his disbelief in the eternity of future punishments. The Church of England, we shall be reminded, has wonderfully expanded herself within our own recollection, and her hold upon the affections of the people is such as the last generation could neither have hoped nor feared.

All this, then, we entirely admit; but we account for the fact by repeating the truth we set out with stating. The Establishment *is* more acceptable in the eyes of the nation than she was, *because* she has consented to take her cue from the prevalent national opinion, which is more determined against creeds, sacraments, and the apostolical succession, than it ever was before. She has dropped her claims to be the depositary of dogma and the channel of grace, and *therefore* her old enemies are conciliated; and men who would scorn the very suggestion of sacramental efficacy, and are of opinion that the Athanasian Creed is a mediæval superstition (for really people of this stamp hardly know whether that glori-



ous symbol came from the fourth or the fourteenth century), join hand in hand in labours for her support, and lay down their thousands for building and endowing new churches and restoring and beautifying old ones. Here, while we write, lies before us a paragraph from the newspapers of the day, which we copy at length, both to show our Catholic readers what Anglicanism is doing in London, and as an illustration of the utter latitudinarianism of the opinions which men of such contradictory views can combine to propagate :

“NEW LONDON CHURCHES.—Several new churches are about being commenced in the metropolitan districts, and some are so far advanced as to be nearly ready for consecration. In Paddington three new churches are to be at once commenced, the Bishop of London having subscribed 1000*l.* towards that object. In Coventry Street, Haymarket, between Rupert Street and Princes Street, a church is to be erected, Her Majesty the Queen having subscribed 500*l.*; the Bishop of London, 1000*l.*; Viscount Sydney, 25*l.*; and Mr. W. T. Egerton, M.P., 25*l.*, for that purpose. Three churches are to be erected in Clerkenwell, an influential committee, of which Lord Shaftesbury is at the head, having been formed for the purpose of raising the necessary funds. In the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, a large church is to be erected, at the sole expense of Mr. J. Gellibrand Hubbard, a site having been given by Lord Leigh. At Limehouse a church is to be built, at the sole expense of Mr. Wm. Cotton. ‘A merchant,’ whose name has not transpired, has offered to build and endow a church in any part of London the bishop of the diocese may point out. In Kensington, Isleworth, Hammer-smith, St. Pancras, Shoreditch, Whitechapel, and other densely-populated districts, churches are to be built; and a committee has been formed for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements, consisting of Earl Nelson, Earl Grosvenor, M.P., Lord Haddo, Lord R. Grosvenor, M.P., Sir W. R. Farquhar, Bart., Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, Sir Thomas Phillips, the Lord Mayor, Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., Lord Radstock, &c. Among the new churches which are approaching completion are St. Matthew’s, Oakley Square; St. Luke’s, Nutford Place; All Saints, Notting Hill; St. Andrew’s, Westminster; Trinity Church, Newington; and one near Limehouse, built at the sole expense of Mr. Alderman Cubitt, M.P.”

If we want to learn what the *mind* of Anglicanism is about in the midst of all this activity, we have but to recall the nature of the Oxford Reform Bill, and its progress through Parliament. This bill we regard as the triumph of latitudinarianism over the dogmatic principle in the imperial legislature and the Established Church. Five-and-twenty years ago it would have been as easy to abolish the House of Lords as to carry such a bill as this through either Lords or Commons. The conduct of the most distinguished of High-Church politicians

in regard to this measure is alone a proof of the revolution which Anglicanism is undergoing. Ten years ago Mr. Gladstone would as soon have denied the inspiration of the Bible as advocated the admission of Dissenters and Catholics to the education and honours of Oxford; now he acts as if he had no more principles than Lord Palmerston or Mr. Disraeli. His confidence, and that of all his party, in the principles they still profess, is gone, past, annihilated. As a compass amidst the storms of heresy and revolutionism, his churchmanship has failed him, and that utterly. His personal character is as high as ever; his abilities have proved greater than his most admiring friends anticipated; but when political movements arise, in which man's eternal destiny is in any way involved, his guide fails him, plays him false, and dashes him on the rocks against which he has spent his whole life in warning his fellow-countrymen. He has become, without knowing it, one of the most fatal enemies of the few remnants of true Christianity which have lingered in the Established Church of England.

So far, then, from thinking that the changes going on in the condition of Anglicanism will render her hostility to us less formidable, and make the work of conversion more easy, we look upon these revolutions in Protestant opinion with most serious and anxious thoughts. We see in them the most urgent calls for renewed exertions on our parts, both in order to present an impregnable front to our adversaries, and in the way of supplying our own poorer members with every possible advantage, temporal, intellectual, and spiritual. They show that the hosts are gathering together, who are destined to a struggle with us totally dissimilar to any thing which we have ever endured in this country, and which will try our zeal, our faith, our learning, and our intellectual strength to the very utmost. What will be the accompaniments of that struggle, and its general character, no eye can foresee. Whether it will be rendered doubly trying by persecutions, by confiscations, or even by blood; or whether the scorn, the anger, and the argumentative craftiness of the enemies of the Faith will be their only weapons;—of this we may rest assured, that it will be sharp and terrible, and such as can be resisted by nothing less than our whole moral and intellectual strength. We shall stand against it, not by means of political friendships, or parliamentary influence, or by our wealth, or rank, or magnificent churches and functions; but only by our learning, our acuteness, and our grasp of the true solution of the problems of the time, vivified and guided by a single-minded love of souls, and faith in the protection of Him who vouchsafes to us the honour of defending His sacred cause.

## ON COMMON SENSE IN CHRISTIAN ART.

AFTER all, there is nothing like common sense. If we were sent into this world to dream, or speculate, or sentimentalise, we might get on pretty well without that very useful faculty; but having all of us *a work to do*, for accomplishing that work, whatever it is, there is nothing like common sense. The man who to enthusiasm unites common sense, is the man to win success, wherever success is in the power of mortals. Enthusiasm and common sense are, in the order of nature, what Christian zeal and prudence are in the order of grace.

So far, no doubt, every reader will go along with us, though some may be disposed to question the applicability of our maxim to the subject of Art. What has common sense to do with pictures, sculptures, architecture, music, or decoration? Common opinion regards the artistic as the very opposite of the sensible. Art is for pleasure; common sense is for use. This is the ordinary notion that prevails in general society. A mistake more fatal to art has rarely been committed. Art *is* for pleasure, but it is also frequently for use; and where it is only for pleasure, it frequently fails of attaining its end, for lack of the faculty of common sense in artists and their employers. How urgently common sense is needed in the creation of works of art in general, we are not at present about to discuss; we confine ourselves to the consideration of its functions in the highest of all arts—Christian art, and that with especial regard to the circumstances of to-day in our own country.

Until recently, Christian art has scarcely had an existence among English Catholics since the Reformation. Sculpture we had none, or next to none; pictures we had none, or next to none; and our Catholic buildings were generally an abomination in the eyes of mankind. They need not be described; and they are, in truth, indescribable. They are unique in the history, not of architecture (for of "architecture" they are guiltless), but of building. The meeting-house, with a dash of the theatre, has furnished their model. As Horace says that neither gods, men, nor booksellers will tolerate mediocrity in poets, so Greeks, Goths, and architects have concurred in a sentence of condemnation of our "Catholic chapels." The very sound of the name suggests something unapproachably unfortunate. We love the memory of our Catholic fathers; we venerate them for their fidelity in days when the world tormented them far more than it torments us; we pray that we



may employ the opportunities which God has granted us as diligently as they employed theirs; but for their buildings!—may they disappear from the face of the earth, or be converted into schoolrooms, as fast as we can raise money for building Christian churches to take their place, without running into debt, and hampering *our* posterity with something worse than shaky walls, damp floors, and sarcophagus altars!

At the same time, unless we desire that the generation to come shall revile us for having cumbered the land with edifices which *they* must abolish, let us call in the aid of our common sense. Our fathers did their best, and therefore we honour their intentions while we pull down their buildings. Persecution was around them; their public services were curtailed to the barest limits; they had no Catholic architects, sculptors, or painters; and individually they had not our opportunities for becoming acquainted with the customs and ideas prevalent in the Catholic Church throughout the world. And therefore it is with a respectful tenderness that we lay low one of their methodistical-looking attempts at Christian building. Abominable as are the objects that offend our taste, we cannot forget, that within these staring walls, and before this decaying altar, many and many a sigh has been breathed by faith, hope, and love, in prayer for better times, and in anticipation of that age of golden opportunities in which it is our lot to live. In our zealous admiration of living founders and benefactors, and in our prayers for those who have but lately departed, may we never forget the souls of those humble priests and unknown laymen, to whose self-denying efforts and heroic steadfastness we owe it that we are in a position to smile at their notions of Catholic art. For ourselves, we experience more emotion at the sight of some old hidden chamber, where the hunted priest has crouched from his bloody pursuers, or of some poor little chapel, buried in an obscure street, erected when to be a Catholic was a byword among Englishmen, than when treading the most glorious remains of ancient Catholic splendour, now desecrated by the hand of heresy. Both scenes are painfully interesting; but of the two, the memento of faith in suffering is more touching than the monument of faith in prosperity.

During the last twenty or five-and-twenty years, Christian art has been gradually raising her head amongst us; and as in all similar periods of revival, we have been admirably disagreed in our opinions. Bishops, priests, and laymen have borne their parts in the controversy; ink has largely flowed; but still more largely has gold flowed, and stones and mortar have been reared from the ground. Not a county, hardly a town,

but shows signs of a desire on the part of all classes of Catholics to render the worship of Almighty God more solemn and beautiful, and to fill our churches and chapels with those works of art which serve at once as aids to devotion and as artistic decorations. It would, indeed, be at once curious and instructive to know the actual amount of the vast sums of money which have been spent in church-building and decorations, including sacred vessels and vestments, during the last quarter of a century, both in the Italian and Gothic styles. We do not doubt that the entire total would prove enormous; and that in many instances we should never cease to wonder, first, how such sums had been raised; and secondly, how they had been expended.

For a short time, however, we have experienced a partial lull in our zeal for church-building. Partly from weariness, partly from dissatisfaction with our past efforts, partly from the direction of our energies and liberality to other quarters, the number of new Catholic churches which the last three or four years have seen commenced, has not been at all in proportion to the animation displayed some eight or ten years ago. It is plain, nevertheless, that this lull is being succeeded by renewed devotion to the work, in no degree less zealous than that which preceded it. And if such be the case, it may not be amiss if we look forward to our labours before they are fairly commenced, and ask ourselves deliberately what we wish to do, and what is the best way of setting about it.

Now we take it, that church-building and church-decorating are to be started on precisely the same principle as that on which every man of common sense builds a house or orders a suit of clothes from his tailor. Can he pay for it? In other words, what has he got to spend? What do we all say to a man who, having an income of 1000*l.* a year, expends one-half of his capital in rearing a mansion fit for the owner of five times his fortune? What is the inevitable result of such a passion for show and bricks and mortar? His whole life is insufficient to remedy the mischief he has done to himself and his family. He sits in his spacious halls, and devises plans for pacifying his creditors. He starves himself, his wife, and children, that he may keep his wide-spreading roof water-tight. He lowers himself and all he loves in the scale of society, and becomes a byword among those whom he thought to astonish with the magnificence of his creations. It needs no rare acuteness to foresee similar disasters impending on church-builders whose passion for fine buildings tempts them to some fatal extravagance. Some people think it is a proof of faith to raise a church without the means of

paying the builder and architect, and expect us to acquiesce in the addition of an eleventh commandment to the Decalogue—"Thou shalt run into debt." We confess we cannot appreciate the virtue thus displayed at other people's expense. A man who rears a church, and dies leaving it with a heavy charge on its splendid walls, in nineteen cases out of twenty victimises other persons far more than himself. His conduct *may be* a token of his confidence in the aid of Divine Providence; but it also may be, and very often is, a proof that he is particularly attached to his own whims, inordinately fond of external display, and peculiarly indisposed to the Christian virtue of patience.

And really, what folly it is, not to be satisfied with the means which Providence has placed in our hands for employment for the good of souls! If by our own exertions, or by the munificence of one or two donors, we have collected money enough to erect a moderate-sized, ecclesiastical-looking, but perfectly plain church, how egregiously silly it is to call upon an architect for some showy, pretentious, vast design, to cost double or treble the sum we shall really command, never to be *completely* carried out, and to serve as a millstone about our necks, and those of the very congregation we fancy we are benefiting, perhaps for generations to come! What a vulgar notion it is of architectural beauty, to identify it with size or with splendour! To a man of sense there is more true beauty in a small, modest, substantial church, designed with propriety and simplicity, with few ornaments, but all of them in character, *and the whole paid for*, than in the most ambitious imitation of the splendours of the ages of Catholic wealth, weighed down with mortgages;—a monument, not of faith, but of recklessness.

Perhaps, too, it is not a church at all that common sense would advise us to build. That very acute and practical faculty may say, Build a school instead. You cannot build a church and also a school, with any fair prospect of being able afterwards to find a maintenance for priest, schoolmaster, and schoolmistress. Something *must* be set aside. In the name of every thing that is rational, in the name of the immortal souls you wish to benefit, set aside, then, that which is least important, and not that for which you have the least personal fancy. Do you want arches, and windows, and doors, and towers, and buttresses? or do you want *souls*? Do you long for something picturesque, or something holy? Do you desire to see stones hewn from the quarry and carved into sculptured grace; or do you yearn for men, women, and children, hewn out from the depths of sin and wretchedness, and



fashioned into spiritual beauty by the power of the Holy Ghost? For one soul that you will save by means of a church without a school, you will save ten by a school without a church. A school, duly arranged, will make a very fair temporary substitute for a church; but in these days you cannot use your church as a schoolroom. We *must* attack the world in the hearts and intellects of the young. Whether we desire to convert unbelievers, or preserve and edify the faithful, there are no two opinions among those who know the human heart and the circumstances of this country. A mission without an efficient school is like a man with two lame legs and one disabled arm. Whatever he may think, whatever he may wish, whatever he may say, he cannot *fight*. Who, humanly speaking, above all others, stemmed the course of Protestantism in its childhood and youth?—The Jesuits. And how?—By education. And now, if our fellow-Catholics are to be retained in the fold, and strengthened in all faith, love, and good works, and if England is to be converted, the work is to be done with the young. While, then, faith and hope exclaim, God speed the cause of education, from the new Dublin University to the humblest village-class of boys and girls, common sense adds, in the ear of those who have money in their pockets, Take care of the schoolroom; the church will hereafter take care of itself.

Supposing, however, that it *is* a church which we have to build, the next question is, In what style shall it be? To this question the answer must partly be determined by the state of our finances. If these require us to think of nothing but the plainest possible structure, strictly speaking, without *any* ornament or attempt at architectural beauty, our course is clear. The cheapest of all buildings is a square, or nearly square, structure, with a nearly flat roof, and square-headed windows and doors, in no architectural style whatsoever. At the same time, it strikes us as simply absurd to think of erecting any thing to be called and used permanently as a church on such a plan as this. Some degree of decoration and ecclesiastical character is essential to a Catholic church; if for no other reason than this, that no class of Catholics will ever rest satisfied with any thing so utterly miserable. There is a universal instinct in humanity, which insists upon some kind of visible beauty in connection with the public worship of Almighty God. When, therefore, our poverty is extreme, and the necessity for a building of some considerable size very urgent, we should suggest a *temporary* erection; hideous to the last degree, if you please; but not really hideous to the mind, because it *is* temporary. With judicious management,

and under the superintendence of a competent architect who really desires to save his employers' money, the materials of such a structure may be ultimately used up in the construction of a fitting ecclesiastical edifice. If, on the other hand, our finances are small, though not quite inadequate to our aims, we should advise without hesitation a Gothic church, as uniting the utmost degree of ornament to the lowest amount of expenditure. A thousand pounds will go further in providing a church-like, substantial, and practically useful edifice in any of the three Gothic styles, than either in the Byzantine or the Italian. The reason is obvious. Gothic doors and windows are *in themselves* more ornamental than those in the more ancient kinds of architecture. The moment you come to decoration, you get twice as much for your money in a Gothic as in an Italian building, until you come to a high amount of decoration, in which case there is little or no difference in the cost of the various styles. Where there is a well-filled, deep purse, therefore, we apprehend the church-builder may follow his personal predilections without scruple. A highly-decorated building will infallibly be followed by an enormous architect's and builder's bill, whether the arches are round or pointed, and the roof flat or high-pitched.

To some of our readers, we fear this pound-shillings-and-pence species of æstheticism will seem low, vulgar, utilitarian, and un-Catholic. We believe, however, that such a practical mode of viewing the question is at once the most in accordance with faith and with common sense; for, as we have said, we can see no physical beauty where there is no moral beauty; and there is no moral beauty where one man builds, and others have to pay for his extravagances.

It appears, too, to us to be a most narrow-minded notion, to determine the style of a church by the bare fact, that in other countries or in other ages they build or built in this or that fashion. We cannot understand why our arches should be round because they are round at Rome, or pointed because they were pointed in England 500 years ago. We cannot conceive what Catholic doctrine or Catholic feeling is involved in such indiscriminating imitation. If our churches are to be Palladian or Raffaelesque because they are so in Rome (which, by the way, is a remark in no way complimentary to Palladio or Raffaëlle, for most of the churches in Rome are very bad specimens of Italian architecture), for the same reason our devotions and sermons ought to be in the Italian language. And if the prevalence of Gothic for 300 years in Catholic times in England renders it incumbent on us to adopt a similar style now, we should, to be consistent, print

all our books in black letter, or rather, not print them at all, but go back to manuscripts, incomprehensible spelling, and "miracle-plays," as the most feasible means for converting Protestants. There is only one thing we *must* go back to, and that is, the common sense of our mediæval forefathers, whose first aim it was, when they designed a building, to consider what it was to be used for, and who were to use it; and who employed pointed architecture because it answered their purpose and suited their taste.

Having, then, determined on our style of architecture, there follows the design to be adopted. To the unsophisticated simply Catholic understanding this portion of the work would seem perfectly easy and straightforward. A plain man would assume that a church must be planned on the same rule as a house, namely, the purpose for which it is to serve, the wants of the people who are to use it, and the actions which are to be performed within its walls. A house-builder, gifted with but half man's average share of common sense, would not design his kitchen like his drawing-room, or his bed-room like his cellar. Nor would he say, "I must arrange my house and fit it up as my great-grandfather would have done, on the ground that he was a man and I am a man, and the essentials of human life are the same in every age." Common sense suggests as follows: "What is *my* mode of life? What shall *I* do in these different apartments? How do they cook now-a-days?" Conceive the absurdity of erecting and furnishing a house in imitation of a house in Pompeii, or in London of the thirteenth century! But if such a fantasy is irrational and visionary, what shall we say to a *church*-builder who, in planning his walls and windows, utterly overlooks the customs, arrangements, and general spirit of public Catholic devotion, as recognised and adopted in the living Church of this very age and day? It is idle to pretend that there are not great and important alterations made, from time to time, in the mode in which the Church fulfils her divine function, and brings her children under the vivifying influences of Christian truth. It is one of the most palpable facts in history, that, unchanged in doctrine, morals, constitution, and sacraments, the Catholic Church has adapted herself, with the true wisdom of the serpent, to the varying changes in human society, in all things in which her Divine Head permits her to change. Would we recognise this marvellous power of self-adaptation, let us walk from the Catacombs to St. Peter's, or let us turn from the page of antiquity, which records the penances imposed in the early ages, to the universal practice of the confessor of to-day. A dreaming,



Jansenistic, narrow-minded student might think himself justified in lamenting what *he* thought the decay of holy discipline in those who sit in the spiritual judgment-seat; but who would think such speculations Catholic or dutiful, or even rational, and according to common sense?

To apply, then, this truth to the subject of Christian art. It cannot be denied that the Catholic Church has sanctioned a particular mode of conducting the public offices of divine worship. From the circumstances attendant on the awful sacrifice of the Mass, down to the humblest village evening devotions, the Church, during these last three centuries, has adopted what may be called the peculiarly *attractive* system in her conduct of souls. A similarly striking exhibition of the more tender, gentle, and soothing features of religion pervades more or less her whole course of action towards her children and the world. For while she herself and her doctrine never change, and human nature never changes, yet human habits, ideas, feelings, and the human body itself in its capacities and infirmities, are ever varying. And accordingly the Gospel is ever presented to the soul by that peculiar instrumentality, and in that peculiar garb, which is best fitted to the weakness or strength of each succeeding generation. Awful, the Church can descend to be familiar; stern, she can be most considerate; just, she can overflow with compassion; strict, she can in a moment unbend; from her royal throne she can stoop and clasp the timid soul in her affectionate embrace. For her sake God became man; for the sake of the souls whom her God has bade her save, she is all things to all men.

*Why* the Catholic Church has accounted it best to put forward into remarkable prominence the gentler and more winning features of her discipline, we need not inquire; though, in fact, it is easy to trace, in the changed aspect of human life, the reasons which have weighed with her. It is enough for us that she has done so; and it were sin to doubt that, in such an affair, she has been guided by the illumination of Him whose presence is ever within her. It is enough for us that, in all her ways, and especially in the conduct of her public functions, she now, perhaps more vividly than at any previous period of her history, presents a living repetition of that most touching of parables, the Prodigal Son. At times she has bade the sinner stand afar off, and smite his breast; and by a rigour of discipline she has stimulated the courage of the faithful. *We*, alas, are an enfeebled generation; we have not the strength of our fathers. Our intellects are cultivated; our political notions are novel; our social equality is great; our

temptations are subtle rather than crushing; and she who, by a divine light, knows what is in man, perceives that such a generation may be drawn, when it cannot be driven; that it will melt before love, while it would despair before anger; that it may be soothed, and comforted, and braced to strength by a gentle medicine, while the sterner treatment of ancient days would but scare it into the snares of the world, or annihilate its trembling repentance in despair. Who does not see in this pitifulness for poor human infirmity the echo of that divine story, "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and running to him, fell upon his neck and kissed him"? And in no instance does this peculiarly tender and considerate method of dealing with the soul appear more striking than in the characteristics of modern church-building and arrangement, and the popular devotions which have become almost universal throughout Catholic Christendom. Every means is employed for attracting and aiding the mind in its approaches to its adorable Lord. We do not mean, of course, that the Church seeks to "attract" men, in the sense which Protestants impute it to her. They think that our ceremonies, our vestments, our music, our lights, are devised on the principle on which a theatrical manager "gets up" a new spectacle with unusual splendour, in order to "draw" an overflowing audience. It is not by tickling the senses that the Bride of Christ seeks to win the world; it is by appealing to the affections of the soul, to her gratitude, to her desire for rest and joy, and by placing before her every species of visible help to her faith and devotion which is best suited to the manners of the age, that she labours to do her work amongst men.

Let us, therefore, setting aside all ideas of this or that mere artistic theory, and every preference for this or that epoch in ecclesiastical history, study the *idea* of Catholic worship, as exhibited where the faith is neither persecuted nor ridiculed. Is it not, then, undeniably an open, cheerful, loving spirit, which pervades every church where Catholicism untrammelled displays her vital energies? What is the elementary notion of a peculiarly solemn Catholic function? Is it that of some mysterious ceremony, half shrouded from the sight of the multitude, and filling them with awe at the thought of the tremendous power and justice of the God of armies? Is it not rather that of an altar set on high, and open to the reverent gaze of every faithful heart, surmounted and surrounded with innumerable lights, brilliant with the hues of a thousand flowers, while clouds of incense and strains of sweet or joyful music unite to represent and embody the

prayers of the multitude prostrate all around, as the priest offers the unbloody Sacrifice, and in silence calls upon them to adore Him who has vouchsafed to be present among them at the word of a man? Is not the rite of Benediction, in its incessantly-repeated mystery, the very symbol of the spirit in which the Church desires to convert the sinner, and strengthen the saint? What human intellect can conceive any thing more overwhelmingly merciful and affecting to our hearts, than that He, whom the heavens cannot contain, should permit Himself, by an ineffable condescension, to be taken into the hands of one of His ministers, and lifted up, unveiled, save by the appearance of natural bread, before our eyes; and that not once in a year, not on solemn feasts only, but week by week, and almost day by day; while none are bade to withdraw in trembling, as unworthy to kneel before that awful Presence?

We apprehend, therefore, that the first essential in a Catholic church in these days is a noble high altar, with broad, open, spacious sanctuary, sufficient to admit with ease the movements of a concourse of clergy and their assistants; and the whole sufficiently raised from the level of the remainder of the building to be visible from every part. Common sense also adds that enormous windows over the altar, and any large quantity of daylight in the sanctuary, are inadmissible. For the first thousand years of our history, the altar was backed by a wall, round or flat, decorated or plain, close to the altar, or removed from it. The introduction of the immense windows which light the chancels and choirs of most English churches from the 13th to the 15th centuries, was an innovation, only partially carried out on the Continent at any time, and now for three centuries almost entirely disused in the Church. *Why* our forefathers introduced such a feature into their buildings, it is not necessary to determine. For us, it is sufficient that Catholic Christendom has now rigorously adapted its buildings to its increased use of lights in Divine service. Indeed, in any church where the truly Catholic use of innumerable lights above the altar permanently obtains, the low and large window must give way.

Again, in the rite of Benediction, the feeling that it is the King of angels and men who is then coming forth from His tabernacle upon the altar, to sit as it were for a while upon His throne, and receive the homage of His people;—this feeling has instinctively led to the preparation of a lofty resting-place for that Royal Presence, on any more special occasion, when He permits His ministers to expose His adorable Flesh and Blood to the veneration of the faithful. When a devout



Catholic has once witnessed one of those exquisitely-affecting scenes which may frequently be seen in a Catholic country, where Jesus rests enthroned far above the heads of a kneeling host, whose hands have offered Him a myriad of lights as a feeble token of their love, and from whose lips rises one mighty torrent of sound in praise of His glory; when a devout Catholic, we say, has once beheld and entered into the spiritual power and significance of such a heavenly scene, we cannot conceive how he could turn to design a Catholic church, and not prepare it from the first with a view to its employment in a similar manner for the same glorious purpose.

Apart, moreover, from these more sacred reasons, the modern cultivation of the art of painting has dictated the substitution of pictures for windows over altars. Brilliant as is the general architectural appearance of a noble stained-glass window at the termination of a long aisle, it is without question an uncomfortable object for the eye to rest on for any length of time. It is agreeable at our sides; but it makes our eyes ache when before us. Hence, common sense advises us either to prepare our churches for pictures over our altars, or to place altar-windows at a sufficient height from the ground to prevent them from wearying the sight.

A picture, too, is an object of Catholic devotion, and a means of instruction and of affecting the feelings, to a degree unattainable by a painted window. Beautiful as is the decorative richness of stained glass, and ecclesiastical and appropriate as are its solemn figures and historic medallions, the nature of the material and the structure of Gothic windows limit its purely religious use within narrow bounds.\* In no sense can painted windows be regarded as *necessary* to the Catholic character of a church, while it is difficult to imagine a Catholic religious edifice without pictures.

Altar-windows are, further, extremely injurious to the effect of sculpture in connection with an altar. There is no limit to the beauty and sacred splendour which may be attained in a noble Gothic reredos, when designed by a man of genius, or of merely good taste,—provided he is not fettered by some absurd slavish theory of imitation of bygone habits. But what will be the sense of placing images in front of, or immediately under, a window? They may nearly as well be placed in a dark closet at once. The light that streams in, above them or behind them, fills the spectator's eye, and renders the sculp-

\* To those who do not know what advances have recently been made in the beautiful art of glass-painting, we recommend a visit to Messrs. Hardman and Co.'s studio-manufactory at Birmingham.

ture a dull dark mass, or collection of opaque blots against the glass.

A considerable increase in the number of altars is another feature in the Catholic church arrangement of the last three centuries, of no little importance. From the very earliest times, when there was but one altar, to the day when the Mother Church of all Christendom was rebuilt, and its walls literally almost filled with altars, the increase has been as marked as it has been gradual. In accordance with the spirit which has dictated this modification of primitive custom, Catholic devotion is now never content with a single altar; and, except in the smallest buildings, not even with two. The humblest congregation requires three altars; the high altar, another in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, and a third in honour of our Lady; while a church of any size speedily desiderates double the number, if the people really advance in devotion to our Blessed Lord, to His Mother and His Saints. This multiplication of altars, of course, demands an adoption of the universal custom of placing them at the sides of a building as well as at the extremities. For ourselves, we think a large church never has a *thoroughly* Catholic look, unless it has one or more altars on the right and left hand, as we advance towards the high altar.

The use of these scattered altars has, besides, a most powerful influence in breaking up that tendency to adopt that element in the Protestant idea of religious worship, which is so common and so injurious in many persons recently converted. The Protestant idea of a church is that of a place in which a number of persons meet together on certain days, at certain hours, to say certain prayers in certain postures, or to hear certain preachers, under the conditions that all begin together and end together, and then go their ways. This idea of theirs results from their disbelief in the Sacramental Presence of Almighty God in any one distinct place; from their contempt of the doctrine of the relative holiness of images, pictures, buildings, and the like; and still more, from their rejection of the Eucharistic *Sacrifice* of the Mass. To a Protestant, as an *individual*, a church is nothing. The Catholic idea is the very reverse. We use our churches, of course, as they do, for common, united devotions; but our first idea of a Christian church is that of a consecrated spot, where Jesus Christ is offered in sacrifice, and where He dwells in His ineffable mercy sacramentally and really. Hence we delight to frequent a church, and to assist at a Mass, not only in common with others, but as individual souls seeking communion with their invisible God and Saviour. Accordingly,

when a number of Catholics hear Mass, or assist at Benediction, the Protestant notion that all present are to use the identically same words of prayer never crosses their minds. Their union is one of heart and of intention, not of outward words and sounds. We worship God in spirit and in truth; Protestants (whatever may be the individual exceptions) worship Him in the letter.

At the same time, with too many converts it is not easy thoroughly to eradicate all remains of this utterly un-Catholic habit of thought and action. It is not easy to destroy the idea they have imbibed from their infancy, that a Christian congregation is like a regiment of soldiers under drill, when, at the word of command, every arm, or leg, or weapon, moves in one direction with machine-like precision. Every body is to stand; every body to kneel; every body to sit; every body to watch the priest, and, as far as he can, say the same words as the priest says. Now, what will tend more powerfully to force this error from a convert's mind than the presence of altars half-way down the sides of a church, where Mass may be said at the same time as at the high altar? With such an arrangement, there is an end at once of this Protestant formalism. People must in that case turn, some towards one altar and some towards another; thus they will learn to realise the fact, as well as to accept the doctrine, that at Mass they are assisting at a sacrifice, and not merely joining in a congregational worship.

There is also this great advantage in altars not removed very far from the entrance-doors, that they are a peculiar help and blessing to the poor. In the best-regulated congregations, in some way or other the places nearest the altars, if they are at the farthest end of the building, will be, on the whole, appropriated by the rich; to whom, at the same time, a close proximity to the altar is of less importance than it is to the children of poverty, ignorance, and toil. Could English architects and builders of churches once get themselves to adopt the general continental Catholic practice in this respect, they may be assured that for one wealthy critic whose fancy might be displeased, a thousand sons and daughters of the poor would rejoice and thank them for the arrangement.

Another striking feature in a truly Catholic church of the present day, is the multiplication of images and pictures, in comparison with the buildings of a remote date. The affectionate and considerate spirit of the Church has gone hand in hand with the development of the arts of sculpture and painting. Until three or four hundred years ago, these arts were far behind the art of architecture in systematic applica-



bility to Christian purposes. Always practised in the Church from her earliest days, it was impossible that, while oil-painting was undiscovered or little known, the devotional use of pictures could have been what it afterwards became. Hence, in the noble buildings of the middle ages, paintings, as such, have no place. Ornamental painting was a passion; and being such, was carried to an excess singularly inconsistent with that remarkable refinement of taste which ruled in the purely architectural works of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; if, indeed, the exaggerated and glaring use of colour was not a corruption introduced in the declining era of Gothic art. It appears incredible that the men who designed the Temple Church in London, Beverley Minster, or the Church of St. Ouen at Rouen, should have proceeded to daub their exquisite windows, columns, and mouldings, with vile compounds of blue, red, and yellow, till all beauty of architectural form was smothered in a bewildering chaos of "patterns." They *must* have felt that colour in architecture ought to bring out and assist the natural features of a building, and not overpower them in a childish patchwork of glaring paint.

Be this, however, as it may, the mediæval artists had not the means of employing pictures as an important element in the completion of a Christian church; and consequently, those who are content to be their servile imitators never think of designing a Catholic church with a special view to the introduction of pictures, as they are used in the Italian churches of France, Germany, Spain, or Italy. Yet, if we are to catholicise the British poor, and strengthen the Irish in their faith, how repugnant it is alike to Catholic feeling and common sense not to make the abundant use of paintings and images a point of primary importance in our cultivation of Christian art! Their value to *all* classes cannot safely be overlooked. They are an aid to devotion and a means of instruction, to which minds of every description do homage. Why, then, is not the crucifix, large as life, a prominent object in every church, even in two or three places in every building of any size, so placed that the devout or sorrowing soul may kneel immediately before it, and pour out its prayers to Him whose infinite love it portrays, and kiss and bathe with tears the feet sculptured in representation of those which were pierced for her sins? Why has not every confraternity in a mission the image of its own particular saint—the Mother of God, or St. Joseph, or St. Vincent of Paul, or any other to whom circumstances have created a peculiar devotion,—and these not as mere architectural decorations, but as objects

of devotion for people to gather round and pray, and to be decorated and illuminated on certain occasions? There are now but few English Catholics, in comfortable circumstances, who do not act thus in their private devotions. Scarcely a house but has one or more domestic "oratories," or "altars," furnished with images and pictures, and decorated with flowers and lights, at which those who possess them offer their devotions with a peculiar pleasure and sense of propriety. But *the poor man has no oratory*. Would to God that this truth could be impressed with intense depth upon the minds of those on whom this world has smiled, and whose wishes are, for the most part, consulted in the arrangement of new churches! It is said that our Catholic poor would not appreciate such advantages if they possessed them. But *who* says this? Is any one single person who knows the poor, and has given them the opportunity for making the house of God their own, of this opinion? We believe not one.

Undoubtedly, it is not by setting up a sort of æsthetic representation of Catholicism, that the mighty heart of the poor is to be attracted and moved. It is not by fastidious ladies and *dilettante* gentlemen adorning churches, images, and pictures, that the terrible problem of our day is to be solved. Ladies and gentlemen must adorn churches for their own edification; and they do well and act as faithful Christians in doing so; but the edification will be almost exclusively their own. The altars, the images, the paintings, the sacred spots, which will have the real charm for the poor, are those *in whose adorning the poor themselves have the chief hand, and to whose erection they have from their poverty, in some small degree, perhaps contributed*. They have their own notions in such matters, and their own feelings; and it is in human nature to wish to share personally in every such expression of faith and devotion. No doubt the artistic taste of the multitude is imperfect, and always will be imperfect. Their ideas are rough and uncultured. They see beauty and meaning where we see none. Our graces and refinements of skill are lost on their perceptions. Yet their souls are as good as ours; and they have (at least) an equal right to have their characters and wishes consulted with ourselves.

Thus it is that in Catholic countries, even in Italy, long the home of the arts, the eye of the travelling connoisseur is so incessantly offended with what he sees in churches and private houses. The taste of the decorations is often atrocious. The people's notions of beauty and spiritual symbolism are horrible. The precise and formal Englishman is at a loss whether to consider the average decorative ideas of

Catholics as more vulgar, more frivolous, or more hideous. Would we, then, *encourage* the British and Irish poor, as yet little accustomed to the devotional decoration of altars, images, and pictures, to adopt notions which we ourselves regard as opposed to all good taste and refined cultivation? Far from it; we claim equal liberty for the few and for the many; for the fastidious lady or gentleman, and for the rude peasant or mechanic. Where it is in our power to refine and purify the poor man's taste, we would do so by all means. We would *encourage* good taste, but we would *force* it on no one. As for ourselves, we abominate, and that most cordially, the whole range of what is called pious trumpery and millinery. But God has not made all men like writers in the *Rambler*. We cannot inspire an Irish hodman or a Yorkshire clown with the same aversion to paint and petticoats which we feel ourselves. Nor, in fact, can we induce all our own equals, friends, and acquaintances, to see these things with our eyes. It is a sad fact, but yet a fact, that highly-cultivated minds in every class of society differ radically from one another in such matters. Often have we been amazed at perceiving how wide-spread is the fondness for what *we* think trash, and how natural it is to many accomplished minds to express their devout feelings towards the images of our Blessed Lord and the Saints by means which, to our tastes, are positively offensive. But so it is. All the lecturing, writing, talking, and building in the world will never produce uniformity of taste among mankind. We apprehend, therefore, that if ever our Catholic population is so thoroughly imbued with a Catholic spirit as heartily to cultivate Christian art in its churches, we must be prepared for a fearful inroad of æsthetic unpleasantnesses, and must be content to sacrifice the physically for the morally beautiful. The loss will be a gain, nevertheless: for this life is short; and we may console ourselves with the certain conviction, that our enjoyment of the ineffable beauties of the celestial paradise will not be the less keen or elevated for the sacrifices we may here make for the sake of our brothers in Christ.

One word more in reference to the supposed incompatibility of Gothic architecture with such plans and decorations as have been introduced into the Church since the Reformation. To assert that such an incompatibility exists, is either a libel on Gothic art, or a device to hinder its employment for Catholic purposes. No architect who understands his business, and who really *wishes* to design a home for Catholic faith and devotion in the true spirit of the living Church, ever ventures on such a statement. The history of art does



not record a more transparent fiction. If we once knew our own minds, and had formed a distinct conception of what a church ought to be, and what we intend to do with it and in it, we should soon find architects in abundance who would not rank themselves either among the unwilling or the incapables. Italian architecture has its peculiar merits, so has Roman, so has Greek, so has Byzantine; but in point of adaptability to every purpose, Gothic stands pre-eminent. Those who think otherwise have taken their ideas from *manufacturers* of Gothic, and not from Gothic *artists*.

---

---

### Reviews.

#### HOFER AND THE TYROLESE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

1. *Memoirs of the Life of Andrew Hofer. Taken from the German.* By C. H. Hall, Esq. Murray.
2. *The History of Germany.* By Wolfgang Menzel. Bohn.

THE records of war are ordinarily the records of little else besides misery and crime. Even when the amount of abstract injustice is not equal on both sides engaged, there is little to honour or admire in the animating principles of the belligerents; while in the actual conduct of their deadly rivalry there is rarely any thing to be discerned but a contest of passion, blood-thirstiness, and selfishness. For the most part, nations quarrel like children, and fight like devils.

What are popularly termed "religious wars" are no exception to the rule. However holy the professed object of one party involved, the conduct of such wars has been almost always, to a considerable extent, unchristian and detestable. Purity of motive and uprightness and mercy in action have been usually confined to a small handful of individuals. The dominant spirit has been entirely that of this world, even while its watchwords have been most distinctively the language of the Gospel and the Cross.

Here and there, however, the eye of the historian detects a brighter spot in these long dismal annals of darkness and horror. It is possible to point to episodes in the wide history of bloodshedding, when men have fought like Christians, and not like beasts or devils; wielding the sword not only in word, but in reality, "in the name of God;" penetrated with a sense of the awful responsibility they had undertaken, and with

emotions of love and mercy beating in their hearts, while their arm has been lifted up to strike, and their countenance has shown no trace of fear.

To the Catholic it is consolatory to reflect, that it has been under the influence of the faith that the most striking exhibitions of this really Christian warfare have been displayed to his fellow-creatures. Insulted as we are by the vilest imputations of cruelty, licentiousness, and disregard of all ties of patriotism, it is a glorious thing to turn silently and read the histories of wars in which, under the direct sanction of Catholicism, human nature has shown itself courageous, enduring, patriotic, and merciful, to an extent altogether unapproached by those who taunt us with every degrading vice. While it is daily dinned into our ears, till we are well-nigh stunned, that under the dark influence of Popery the world must necessarily go backwards, and all our powers be paralysed, until, by the sheer repetition of extravagant charges, we begin almost to suspect that we are rogues without knowing it, it is soothing to let the imagination wander back to countries where Catholicism has been embraced and really acted on, unmolested either by Protestant preacher or liberal statesman; where it has shown its vivifying power over the soul, unaided and unhindered either by royal patronage or aristocratical wealth. While the world is driving on at its own chosen rate of "progress," it is instructive to turn and watch the ways of other and humbler races, whose civilisation has not consisted in railways, crystal-palaces, screw-steamers and the penny-post; but in simplicity, hardihood, comparative poverty, and unmitigated "Romanism."

For, after all, "progress" is not necessarily progress to happiness and greatness. There is a knowledge which is more stultifying than ignorance; there is a power which is more degrading than weakness. It is possible to be great, glorious, and heroic, with very simple appliances; and the utmost amount of material civilisation, comfort, and order, is perfectly compatible with a very low degree of excellence in all that is most honourable in man, as man, and in woman, as woman. It is not crabs alone that can "progress" backwards.

Perhaps no spot in Europe is more suggestive of the reminiscences of a noble yet simple civilisation than the mountainous district of the Tyrolese Alps. Bordering upon Switzerland, that country of pretence, hypocrisy, and tyranny, for generations has been found a race where faith and patriotism have dwelt in intimate alliance, and the achievements of labouring mountaineers have rivalled those of the most celebrated soldiers of the world. The traveller, reeking from the hot and

artificial life of England or France, on reaching the Tyrol finds himself in a new world of freshness and genial simplicity. He is surrounded by a people among whom education is not only general but universal, for none can marry unless they can read and write ; but who, nevertheless, are all Catholics, and, as a race, as universally devout as perhaps any nation has ever been since Christianity has existed. Manly, frank, and vigorous, the Tyrolese unites in a remarkable degree a devotion to a royal house with a personal independence of mind and capacity for practical action. His wealth is little, but his desires are few; he has the art of mingling pleasure with labour; the vices of civilisation are known to him more by report than by experience; he loves the liberties of his country like a rational man, who knows that there can be no liberty without law, and no law without obedience; and in the possession of rare and present advantages, he is content to live on without schemes of change, and to love that which is, all the more dearly because his country has flourished for centuries under institutions and with habits almost identical with those which he sees around him still.

If the stranger question him as to the past history of his country, he perceives, nevertheless, that in his open and peaceful mind there yet linger memories of a bloody struggle, when all this fair state of tranquillity and labour was for a time crushed beneath the heel of cruelty and a godless lust of dominion. Even among his favourite sculptured images, the works of the hereditary handicraft of his people, and for the most part religious in its aspect, singular figures appear, little known, or altogether unheard of, out of his own country. In innumerable houses appears a warlike innkeeper; and, stranger still, in modern times, a Capuchin friar sword in hand, the remembrance of whose deeds is cherished by every rank with a fervour of gratitude, in comparison of which the recollections of the heroes of other countries are faint and dim. If there is such a thing as lasting national thankfulness, Hofer, the landlord of an inn at Passeyr, and Haspinger, the Capuchin, nicknamed Redbeard, have unquestionably lived in the affections of their fellow-countrymen with a posthumous glory seldom equalled in countries of more artificial cultivation, where the hero of yesterday is usually forgotten in the hero of to-day.

The history of that struggle which was long maintained by Hofer, with the aid of the Capuchin and other subordinates, against the overwhelming power of France and Bavaria, is indeed one of the most extraordinary records of courageous and skilful resistance against irresistible force which modern annals have preserved. Like so many of the miseries of Europe dur-



ing the last seventy years, it had its origin in the revolution in France. For many centuries the Tyrolese had enjoyed as large an amount of national liberty as was possible under the old political system of Europe. Subjected to the sway of the Austrian house of Hapsburg, the people were nevertheless practically free. In their mountain fastnesses they possessed a constitution in many respects similar to that of the great free cities of Germany in the middle ages. That virtual independence which the powers of advancing commerce secured to Lubeck, to Freiburg, to Hamburg, to Erfurt, to Cologne, to Ratisbon, and many other centres of peaceful traffic, was confirmed to the simpler Tyrolese by the strength of their mountain passes, and the undaunted vigour, courage, and straightforwardness of their personal character. The imperial dominion, purely monarchical as it was in name, was held in check by many local rights and privileges, and still more by the influence of a moral and physical nobleness, so that the position of a Tyrolese was practically as free and self-legislating as that of the electing and governing classes in representative England at this very hour.

In the earlier period of the "Reformation," when the dominion of Austria in Switzerland was tottering to its foundations, the allegiance of the Tyrol, still stedfast in the ancient faith, was conciliated by a renewed confirmation of its hereditary privileges; and thus externally free, subject to its own taxation alone, and with political power diffused alike through the peasantry and the nobles, the Tyrol remained up to the battle of Austerlitz a free, honoured, prosperous, simple, and Catholic country, amidst the shock of empires and the degradation of all principle which characterised the eighteenth century of European history.

At length the storm burst upon the heads of the mountaineers. Such a race as the Tyrolese was intolerable alike to the military autocracy of Napoleon, and the crafty officialism of such monarchs as Louis XIV. of France and Joseph II. of Austria. Joseph, however, had left the Tyrol but little injured by those pernicious "reforms" through which he had reduced his German subjects to so low a level of religion, morals, and political strength; and the attachment of the Tyrolese to the Austrian monarchy remained ardent and unimpaired. When Austria, however, was prostrated at Austerlitz, and Napoleon, unresisted, set about the re-arrangement of the various territories which formed the old Germanic empire, on no country did the hand of the conqueror fall more heavily than on the Tyrol. The policy of Napoleon at that moment lay in elevating the minor states of Germany to some

species of rivalry with the power of Austria, hitherto, save so far as Prussia was concerned, exclusively preponderant. He sought to convert the petty electors into the creatures of France, or rather of himself, by turning their sovereigns into kings and dukes, and by enriching them with spoils torn from their more powerful neighbours. Wurtemberg was made a kingdom, and received the Austrian possessions in Swabia. Baden became a grand-duchy, with the gift of Constance, the Breisgau, and the Ortenau. Bavaria shared the most largely in the booty. Her elector was turned into a king; with the sovereignty (such as it was, when conferred by Napoleon,) of Anspach and Bayreuth, stolen from Prussia, and a considerable slice of the Austrian territories, of which the most important portion was the Tyrol. The creatures of the conqueror and his Bavarian serf-king endeavoured to infuse an anti-German spirit into his subjects; and on the 1st of January 1806 the Bavarian State-Gazette announced the great achievement with the words, "Long live Napoleon, the restorer of the Bavarian kingdom!" while a herd of writers attempted to prove that the Bavarians were not German by ancestry, but originally a Gallic tribe under Gallic sovereigns.

Nowhere was the usurping power of Bavaria more hateful than among the Tyrolese mountains. A hundred years before they had been engaged in a conflict with these same grasping Bavarians, and had successfully resisted their invading troops, who as now were in alliance with the French. In June 1703 the Bavarian elector had entered the Tyrol at the head of 16,000 men; and seizing Innspruck, its capital, had advanced up the country with the view of subduing the people in their fastnesses. The whole country rose in arms, and the German soldiery felt what it was to attack a peasant-patriot in his own home. One of the chief leaders of the people was of no higher rank than that of postmaster; but the Bavarians were almost annihilated. Shot down by the riflemen, crushed by huge masses of rock and timber rolled upon them from the tops of the cliffs, one after another of the various divisions of the invading army gave way and fled. The peasants even fabricated cannon from hollowed fir-trees, sufficiently fire-proof to stand eight or ten discharges. In the end, of the 16,000 who had entered the Tyrol, only 5000 ever regained Bavaria.

A less prosperous issue attended the heroic resistance made in 1806 to the enforcement of the Bavarian usurpation, accompanied as it was by a reckless violation of the engagement by which Maximilian Joseph, the Bavarian sovereign, had bound himself to respect intact the national rights and customs of the Tyrolese people. The act by which he professed

to inaugurate his rule over the Tyrol, dated January 14, 1806, promised "not only strongly to uphold the constitution of the country and the well-earned rights and privileges of the people, but also to promote their welfare." This pledge, moreover, was repeated again and again with an obtrusive reiteration, which, to those who knew what Bavaria meant by promoting a nation's welfare, was sufficient to awaken the gravest apprehensions.

In a certain sense amiable and benevolent, Maximilian of Bavaria was a true disciple of the Austrian Joseph II. Nominally Catholic, nominally liberal, and nominally philosophical, the political system adopted and carried out by the "reforming" emperor was in reality and result as anti-Catholic, despotic, and shallow, as any one of those many theories which have been devised for the sudden regeneration of mankind in the cabinets of self-conceited sophists. The Bavarian king lost no time in proving himself an adept in this pernicious school. Every thing the Tyrolese held dear, every thing that constituted their happiness in this life and their hopes for eternity, was attacked under the pretence that it was for their good that national honour, personal liberty, venerated customs, and religious objects of veneration, should be torn from them and trampled under foot by insolent strangers. "Jesuit obscurantism" was, of course, the cant cry with which the new measures were heralded. Vulgar Bavarian official insolence entered into a league with the infidel frivolity of the French philosophism of Voltaire and the Revolution, and hand in hand proceeded to "reform" the Tyrol.

The first blows were naturally aimed at what they called "superstition." The Tyrol abounded with small mountain chapels, whose artistic simplicity was a symbol of the pure, honest, and fervent piety which loved thus to remind itself of the nothingness of time and the goodness of God, wherever the labourer's toils were carried on, or the traveller's steps might take him. Even now, the few that remain of these monuments of humble devotion touch the heart of the non-Catholic visitor, and how much more that of the Catholic, more sweetly than the most magnificent achievements of Christian art in the rich centres of a luxurious population. But to the Bavarian and French illuminati these were hateful objects; and the Tyrolese saw them levelled to the ground with every mark of ridicule and contempt; while images, crucifixes, relics, long held in veneration and associated with the reminiscences of generations of faith, were destroyed, or, what was worse, sold to the Jews.

When religion was thus treated, liberty of course fared no



better. In former times, no recruits for the Austrian service were levied by the emperor in the Tyrol, with the exception of those for the rifle-corps; and these enjoyed peculiar privileges of their own, electing their own commanders and wearing their national dress. The Bavarians laughed at these rights; and an attempted military conscription served only to kindle the ardour of the mountaineers to a more strenuous determination to seize the first moment for throwing off the usurping yoke. The ancient Tyrolean diet was unceremoniously dissolved, the Bavarians not even thinking it worth while to preserve the semblance of independence; while they showed their contempt for Tyrolean nationality by abolishing the very name of the Tyrol, and calling the country "Southern Bavaria." By way of crowning these injuries with reckless insult, they actually sold by auction the ancient national edifice, or castle, which by a popular legend was held to confer on its possessor the lawful right to the sovereignty of the nation. New and exorbitant taxes were levied, and collected with every display of coarse and insolent brutality, among a people who hitherto had taxed themselves, and that with a gentle hand. Altogether, short of universal pillage, massacre, and confiscation, it would have been difficult for an unpopular government to have done more to exasperate the feelings of a conquered people to the highest pitch of indignation.

Such was the condition of affairs in the Tyrol, when Austria roused herself to an attempt to throw off the dominion of Napoleon. The French emperor was engaged in the Spanish Peninsula: the galling bitterness of the new dominion was felt to be more trying than all the abuses of the old German empire; while Napoleon's conduct towards the Pope, whom he had imprisoned in Rome itself, had roused the indignation of all good Catholics. In the beginning of the year 1809, Austria raised an army of four hundred thousand men, and issued proclamations, calling upon every true-hearted German to strike for the liberties of his country. We need not follow the course of the brief struggle that ensued, when Napoleon, dividing the eastern nations of Germany from the western, led his troops, with but one severe reverse at Aspern, from victory to victory; till the battle of Wagram annihilated the hopes of Austria, and the peace of Vienna saw her stripped of fresh portions of her territory, for the advantage of France, Bavaria, and Russia. It was in the Tyrol alone that for a time the cause of justice and religion seemed about to triumph. Had all Germans been like the brave and Catholic Tyrolese, there would have been no need of Waterloo. The record of their fruitless devotion, and the mournful end of their most

distinguished leader, is among the saddest and most truly glorious episodes which adorn the history of Christian patriotism.

Andrew Hofer was at that time forty-two years of age. He was the landlord of an inn at Passeyr, in the Passeyrthal, a valley among the mountains about half-way between Innspruck and Trent, on the right hand of the road as the traveller journeys from the former to the latter town. Some years before the Bavarian usurpation, he had represented his native valley at the national diet, and had strenuously opposed the anti-Catholic measures which Joseph II. had been endeavouring to introduce among the Tyrolese. Later, he had served as captain of a rifle-corps against the French in 1795; and when, in 1805, the transference of the Tyrol to Bavaria took place, the Austrian Archduke John had parted from the patriotic innkeeper with a shake of the hand, and an expression of hope that they would meet again in better times.

Among his countrymen he possessed remarkable popularity. Tolerably well educated, and of that open, cordial, genial disposition which his countrymen dearly loved, he was as powerful in frame as he was pious in heart and upright in life. His make is described as Herculean in breadth; though he stooped in the shoulders, from his early carrying of heavy weights over the mountains. His voice was gentle and agreeable, his countenance handsome, and rendered striking by an immense dark beard, which hung almost to his waist, in accordance with a custom prevailing among the innkeepers of the valleys. Hofer, moreover, is reported to have cherished his beard with peculiar attention, in consequence of a wager of a pair of oxen which he had made with some of his friends. His portrait shows him in the ordinary dress of his class, with a low-crowned broad-brimmed hat, decorated with a black curling feather; a red waistcoat, across which were broad green braces of a peculiar make, supporting black chamois-leather breeches; and over all a loose green coat. His knees were bare, and his mighty legs encased in high boots. On his ample chest reposed his crucifix, a silver medal of St. George, and the gold medal and chain sent him by the emperor. To a stout black belt was attached his sword, literally his broadsword. His spirit was best seen when he was at his prayers; and his broad, honest, manly face shone with that deep and unaffected devotion which was the life-spring of his patriotism, and at once animated and chastened his undaunted courage. He dealt in wine, corn, and horses; his business-intercourse was extensive, and he was known and respected to the extreme Italian frontier of his country.

The moment that Austria believed that the hour was come for a general effort at bursting the intolerable bondage imposed by Napoleon, Hofer was summoned to Vienna, and the plans were laid for a rising among the mountaineers. The town-population was either too much under the control of Bavarian officials, or too lukewarm in its attachment to its religion and its old loyalty, to be taken into the arrangements. How well the peasantry were to be trusted is shown by the fact, that while, on a moderate estimate, not less than 60,000 men were cognisant of what was going on, and participators in the intended revolt, not one betrayed the secret. At Innspruck, the Bavarian commander Kinkel remained quietly with his army, directing his attention solely to the expected advance of an army from Austria, and utterly unconscious of the mine about to be sprung at his feet.

Suddenly the whole country burst into a flame. Unsuspected by their military rulers, many thousand Tyrolese were in arms, organised, commanded by duly-appointed leaders, and waiting only for the signal agreed on, to meet and attack the Bavarians and the French troops then quartered in the Tyrol. On the 9th of April the signal was given. Sawdust and little pieces of wood, with red flags fastened to them, were seen by the anxious eyes of the people to be floating down the stream of the Inn. The sky had been dark and gloomy, and favoured the midnight gathering of the peasant-soldiery. By three o'clock the van advanced up the Pusterthal; and in a few hours fires were lighted all over the mountain-heights, and the valleys re-echoed with the clanging of alarm-bells and the booming of distant guns.

Every where the insurgents were greeted with the most enthusiastic demonstration on the part of the peasantry. The village-bells rang as they passed; men, women, and children flocked out to cheer them. The aged and blind were brought out of their cottages to bless them, and pray for their victory: in crowds they gathered around them, shaking their hands, touching their clothes, and even kissing their horses.

The first blow fell upon a body of Bavarian sappers, who had been detached to blow up the bridge of St. Lorenzo, in the Pusterthal, in anticipation of an advance of the Austrian army. The Tyrolese riflemen, from their hiding-places, picked off the Bavarians as they approached to their work, and the entire detachment, amazed and terrified, took to flight. Wredef, their commander, however, speedily came up at the head of two battalions, and the fight began. The Bavarian artillery was quickly captured, and thrown into the river; but being joined by a strong detachment of French, the issue of the



day for a time seemed doubtful. A small accession of Austrian horse turned the scale in favour of the mountaineers, and the French and Bavarians fled, suffering immense loss. The unerring rifles of the peasantry shot them down from every side; rocks and timber dashed down the cliffs upon their heads; and the day ended in a decisive victory.

Hofer was not present in person, being engaged with the peasantry of Passeyr, Meran, and Algund, in occupying a road near Sterzing, with the intention of dislodging another body of Bavarians there stationed. On the morning of the 11th the fight began, and the Bavarians for a time defied all Hofer's attempts; though they suffered frightfully from the Tyrolese rifles, the very artillerymen being shot down by the side of their guns. At last a waggon loaded with hay, and driven by a girl, the daughter of a tailor named Camper, advanced towards the Bavarians; behind which the Tyrolese advanced upon the open plain on which the Bavarians were stationed, protected by their artillery against a peasant host armed with pitchforks, spears, and every rude implement they could lay their hands on. The bullets whistled past the heroic girl, as she guided the characteristic screen, and shouted to her countrymen, "On with you! who cares for Bavarian dumplings?" A desperate struggle ensued, and the best officers of the Bavarians were killed, and the whole body either slain or made prisoners.

Meanwhile, a third party of peasantry had been rising in the lower valley of the Inn, whose aim was to seize upon Innspruck, and destroy the Bavarian power at its centre. A wealthy peasant, or farmer, was the leader of his countrymen, by name Joseph Speckbacher,—a man who showed extraordinary energies and heroism during the war now commencing. He was a tall and powerfully-built man, about forty years of age, stooping in his gait, with a serious and even sad countenance; though on the mention of the war, or of the interests of his country, his face gleamed with brightness, and he stood erect with sudden ardour. His father, who was superintendent of the salt-works at Halle, and had fought with distinction against the Bavarians, died when Joseph was but six years old. A few years afterwards his mother also died, and he was sent to school; but could not be taught either to read or write: he was of a wild, roving disposition, and the discipline of a school was intolerable to his untamed spirit. When he was twelve years old, he formed a connection with some others as wild as himself, and roamed about the Bavarian forest country, living a kind of poaching, rascally life, a source of annoyance to all whom he came across, and a disgrace to his name and country. In one of his expeditions, one of his companions

was killed before his eyes by a Bavarian soldier; and from that day Speckbacher was struck with a deep sense of the degraded character of the life he had been leading. He instantly reformed, and the whole energies of his character were devoted to the duties of a respectable life. At twenty-seven years old he married a woman of some little property, who persuaded him to learn reading and writing. Thus making up for the deficiencies of his boyhood, he became a person of considerable importance in his native country; and in the war of independence exercised an authority over his fellow-countrymen of the same kind, though inferior in degree, to that possessed by Hofer himself. From every church-tower in the valley the alarm-bells pealed. Throughout the day women and children were employed in distributing in all quarters scraps of paper, on which was written "It is time!" As soon as night arrived, Speckbacher seized upon the city of Hall. Lighting numerous watch-fires on one side of the walls, as if he were about to attack it on that quarter, he himself, in the darkness, went round to the opposite gates, and presented himself as a common passenger for admittance. The *ruse* succeeded; the gates were opened; Speckbacher with his followers rushed in and made prisoners of the garrison, amounting to 400 men.

On the morning of the 11th, the attack on Innsbruck began. Each party had made what preparations were possible; the Bavarians placing artillery on the bridges, and taking up the best positions for defence; the Tyrolese blocking up every outlet for escape for the enemy, whom they already regarded as vanquished; blockading the roads leading from the city with barricades of trees, and destroying the bridges over the streams. Early on the morning of the 12th, a body of the peasantry advanced, armed with muskets, and poles with bayonets fastened to the ends, and seized one of the bridges leading to the city. The impetuosity of their charge overwhelmed the Bavarians, many of whom were killed at their guns before they had time to discharge them. Shouting "Vivat Franz! Down with the Bavarians!" they drove the troops before them, striking them down with the butt-ends of their muskets, forcing them headlong into the river, and closely following the remainder to the city-gates, and entering with them.

It was now 9 o'clock in the morning, and the battle became general. Such of the Bavarians as were stationed on the roofs and at the windows of the houses, were attacked with so fierce a fire, that they threw down their arms in the streets and begged for mercy. In other houses the citizens fought for the peasants, and murderous discharges from the houses and towers were poured upon the soldiery. Dittfurt, the



second in command under Kinkel, fought desperately in the streets, encouraging, entreating, and commanding his men; and at length, almost alone, threw himself upon a body of the Tyrolese who were in possession of the house of the commander-in-chief, and pressing him to surrender. He had already received two wounds in his body; a third ball now struck him in the breast; he fell on his knees, while the blood gushed from his mouth. Some peasants came near to make him prisoner, when he raised himself, and called feebly to his men to advance, and not fly like cowards. A fourth ball smote his head, and he dropped insensible. Four days afterwards he died, cursing and blaspheming in wild delirium. He was deservedly abhorred by the peasants, having made himself peculiarly obnoxious by the cruelties he had practised upon them in the discharge of functions sufficiently odious in themselves. He had boasted, that "with his regiment and a couple of squadrons he could disperse the ragged mob." As he lay dying in the guard-house, in the midst of the peasants he had scorned and persecuted, he asked who had been their leader. "No one," they said; "we fought for God, for the emperor, and for our country." "That is strange," said he; "for I saw a leader repeatedly pass me on a white horse." This saying produced a conviction in the minds of the Tyrolese that St. James, the patron of the city of Innspruck, had fought among them.

By 11 o'clock Innspruck was in the hands of the patriots. The Bavarian cavalry, at the beginning of the day, had done much execution among them; but the Tyrolese, adopting the only feasible plan of fighting with horsemen, had dispersed whenever they charged, keeping up at the same time an irregular but slaughtering fire, which mowed down the soldiers, unable to reach their adversaries. When the infantry surrendered, a panic struck them, and they fled in all directions, heedless of their officers. The Tyrolese, however, stopped their flight; and rushing on them with pitchforks, forced them to dismount, and seized the horses for their own service. A small party at first escaped, and fled from the city; but Speckbacher pursued and made them prisoners. He captured also a picket which had been stationed on one of the bridges, and had taken refuge in a convent. Seizing an immense fir-tree, fifty of the peasants swung it in their arms as a battering-ram, with which they burst open the convent-gates, and carried off the discomfited soldiers.

Thus ended the second day of the war. It was closed amidst rejoicings characteristic of the loyalty of the Tyrolese peasantry. Innspruck resounded with shouts and acclama-



tions. The imperial eagle was taken down from the tomb of Maximilian, decorated with ribbons, and carried in procession through the streets; it was then fixed in a house, and crowds flocked in to look at it, and kiss it. On a triumphal arch, hastily raised, were placed the portraits of the Emperor and the Archduke John, with lighted candles all around; while every passer-by knelt in respect, and cried "Long live the Emperor!"

Wearied at length with the watching of the previous night, the conflict of the morning, and the rejoicings of the day, the victors fell asleep, many in the city, many in the neighbouring orchards, and sought a brief repose. It was indeed to be brief; for at 3 o'clock on the following morning (the 13th) the alarm-bells again clanged forth from the city-towers and the neighbouring villages. The French were upon them in strength, in company with fresh Bavarian troops. The night was scarcely over, when they had forced their way through the pass where Hofer was stationed, though with severe losses from the peasants' rifles. A lieutenant, with an advanced guard, approached the city-gates, and had scarcely passed the triumphal arch, where the pictures of the emperor and archduke were fixed, when a ball struck him dead from his horse. The gates were instantly barricaded with every available instrument. Casks and waggons blocked up the road-way; the house-doors were closed, and every preparation made for a bloody street-fight. In an incredibly short time the conflict was ended in the city. Two hundred of the assailants lay dead, and the remainder retreated to the main army, which lay on a rising ground in the neighbourhood. The Tyrolese offered the commander terms of capitulation, which were instantly rejected, and the attack began. The impetuosity and fire of the peasantry overwhelmed both French and Bavarians. The slaughter was immense; and by half-past eight o'clock in the forenoon, terms of surrender were actually signed, and the whole body capitulated. The victors returned into Innsbruck in triumph, the band of the captives leading the way, and compelled to play in honour of their conquerors. The prisoners amounted to the immense number of 8000 infantry, 1000 cavalry, with two generals, ten staff-officers, and above 100 officers of lower grades.

The greatness of the Tyrolese showed itself most conspicuously in this moment of triumph. Irritated as they had been by usurpation, insult, cruelty, and tyranny, they stayed their hands from every species of retaliation, treating their prisoners with the utmost humanity. One man alone suffered any thing from them, and that rather as a joke than as a serious infliction.

tion: a tax-gatherer, who had boasted that he would grind down the people till they would gladly eat hay to support their wretched lives, was forced to swallow a quantity of hay for his dinner. Their heroic nobleness met the usual return with which the mercy of Christians is repaid by the savage, unscrupulous, and ungrateful world. A report was industriously spread that the Tyrolese had murdered the prisoners in cold blood; and Napoleon, with his usual lying effrontery, was guilty of the infamy of issuing a proclamation of outlawry against Chastelan, who soon joined the Tyrolese as their military leader, condemning him, if taken prisoner, to be shot within four-and-twenty hours. A year afterwards, when Berthier, one of Napoleon's marshals, was at Vienna, as envoy to the court of Austria, he met Chastelan, and had the hardihood to turn the whole of this piece of villany into a jest.

The peasantry were now masters in their own country, and the Bavarian authority was for the time destroyed. A few skirmishes and struggles took place, but with no decisive result upon the actual condition of either party. By the beginning of May, however, Napoleon was in a position to attack the Tyrolese with forces against which resistance must be in the end hopeless. He sent a considerable body of troops, under Lefebvre, a brutal German of the merciless old military school, who made the people feel in full force the frightful horrors of war. Every leader who fell into his hands he shot like a traitor, and his troops committed every species of outrage upon the unresisting people of the villages. At the pass of Staub, on Ascension-day, many of the Tyrolese had left their post for the purpose of hearing Mass in the church, and those who remained were surprised by Lefebvre's soldiers, and, after a noble struggle, overpowered, and ferociously butchered on the spot. At the town of Schwartz, the most horrible cruelties were perpetrated. The Bavarians, in superior numbers, and after a prolonged conflict with the Tyrolese under Speckbacher, finally possessed themselves of the town, burnt it to the ground, and murdered every one of the inhabitants, hanging hundreds of them to the trees, and nailing their hands to their heads. At the village of Vomp, the Bavarians set fire to the houses to the sound of drums and hautboys, and shot the inhabitants as they attempted to escape from the flames.

Yet not once did these noble mountaineers retaliate. Their honest, hearty souls knew no law but that of the Gospel, and their only mode of venting their feelings lay in a rustic jest. The Bavarians then, as now, were notorious for their fondness for beer and the coarse lumpiness of their persons, and the Tyrolese accordingly nicknamed them "Bavarian

hogs;" and when they came within hearing, were in the habit of saluting them with the usual country noises with which pigs were driven along, crying to them "Tschu, tschu, tschu!—Natsch, natsch!" On one occasion, indeed, some one proposed to requite the Bavarian atrocities by sending back the prisoners maimed in one ear, so that they might be recognised if found again fighting against the Tyrolese; but Hofer would not hear of the cruelty for a moment.

Disasters now followed close upon one another: the Austrian officers began to despair, or yielded to cowardice; and Hofer's energies were taxed to the utmost to prevent an entire disorganisation of their forces and the ruin of the revolt. Napoleon's defeat at Aspern, on the 21st and 22d of May, gave new hopes to the Tyrolese patriots. Two days before that date, Innsbruck had fallen into the hands of the French and Bavarians; but now the sudden recal of Lefebvre to Germany inspirited the undaunted peasantry, and they gathered together with extraordinary rapidity and resolution. Hofer was ably seconded by a courageous, though somewhat headlong German, Eisenstecken, who had been appointed as his adjutant by the Austrian commander-in-chief. Speckbacher, a giant in strength, with the eye of a mountain-eagle, and unsurpassed in readiness and daring, was also at his side. Above all, the "fighting Capuchin," Father Joachim Haspinger, with a brother-friar, Peter Thalguter, now appeared on the scene, exercising an astonishing influence upon the minds of a race like the Tyrolese, who valued above all things the two qualities of pure devotion and personal courage. The Capuchins entered into the thickest of the fight, and struck down their adversaries with blows from heavy wooden crosses; and being young and athletic men, they did great execution. Hofer addressed the following characteristic proclamation to his fellow-countrymen:

"Dear Brothers of the Upper Innthal!—For God, the Emperor, and our dear native country!

"To-morrow, early in the morning, is fixed for the attack. With the help of our holy Mother, we will seize and destroy the Bavarians; and we confide ourselves to the beloved Jesus. Come to our assistance; but if you fancy yourselves wiser than Divine Providence, we will do without you.

"ANDREW HOFER."

On the 29th of May a struggle took place which once more made the Tyrolese masters in their native country. Speckbacher, with six hundred men, attacked the Bavarians on the



bridge of Hall, drove them back, and destroyed the bridge. The Tyrolese were in possession of the farm of Rainerhof; and thrice the Bavarians renewed the attack upon it, and were thrice repulsed. During this fight at the farm another of those incidents took place which showed the intensity of the feeling which animated the patriotic peasantry. A young woman who lived in the house brought out a small cask of wine to refresh the Tyrolese, and walked up with it on her head to the scene of battle, heedless of the fire of the Bavarians. A ball struck the cask, and she was forced to let it go; but instantly recovering herself, she clapped her thumb on the hole made by the bullet, and called to her fellow-countrymen to come instantly and drink the wine.

The battle lasted through the day; the Capuchin especially distinguishing himself, and showing great military talent. At one moment he was on the point of being run through the body by a Bavarian soldier, when a Tyrolese rifleman saved him by shooting the Bavarian dead on the spot. At night a kind of truce was agreed to, of which the Bavarians took advantage to retire during the night, wrapping their cannon wheels and horses' hoofs in hay, to avoid all noise, and enjoining silence among the troops under pain of death. At Hall Speckbacher attempted, but in vain, to stop their retreat; his own son, a child of ten years old, actually picking up the enemies' balls as they fell around him, and putting them in his hat, till his father had him carried off by force and placed in a spot of safety. A similar feat of hardihood was displayed shortly afterwards by Speckbacher himself. In disguise he entered the fortress of Cuffstein, still in the possession of the Bavarians; paid a visit undetected to the governor, extinguished a lighted grenade with his hat, spoilt the working of the fire-engines, and cut the cables of some vessels that were moored beneath the fortress-walls.

The triumph of the Tyrolese was, however, short. The battle of Wagram once more laid Austria prostrate at Napoleon's feet; and the conqueror compelled the emperor to withdraw all his troops from the Tyrol. The peasantry now began to feel how vast was the difference between their own heroic devotion to the house of Austria and the mercenary services of German commanders. The moment that Napoleon turned his arms in large force against the Tyrol, the Austrian leaders, Buol and Hormayr, hurried their retreat from the devoted land, issuing a proclamation as they fled recommending the Tyrolese to the care of Lefebvre, the brutal general whom Napoleon had placed at the head of the invading forces. These forces amounted to the large number of between thirty

and forty thousand, and were composed of French, Bavarians, and Saxons.

At such a juncture it was impossible but that the courage of the peasantry should falter. Hofer himself never quailed. When Hormayr, the selfish German, who all along had begrudged to the native leaders their natural influence over their countrymen, now hastened away, Hofer said to him, "Well, I will undertake the government; and as long as it is the will of God, I name myself, Andrew Hofer, host of the Sand at Passeyr, Count of the Tyrol." Hormayr, who was of the infidel school of modern Germany, and ridiculed alike the faith and the loyalty of the Tyrolese, laughed at language so little known in courts and camps, and went his timorous way. Returning then to his own house, Hofer met Speckbacher, himself infected with a general dismay, flying from the country in a carriage with some Austrian officers. As he passed him, he cried, "Wilt thou also desert thy country?" and sought a brief hiding-place in a cave among the cliffs overhanging his own valleys. There he poured out his soul in prayer; and issuing forth, betook himself to the monastery of the brave Capuchin Haspinger. Haspinger yielded to his ardent entreaties, and a conference of a few patriots was summoned to concert measures for attacking the advancing French. Suddenly they were joined by Speckbacher, whose heart had been smitten by the passing words of Hofer, as he sat by the side of his Austrian companions, and who had left them at the first resting-place, and was now returned to fight once more for the good cause.

The struggle soon began, and again the heroism and military genius of the peasants and their humble leaders triumphed over invading power; and but for the personal triumphs of Napoleon elsewhere, would have been permanently victorious. The history of this last phase in the Tyrolese war is one of the most melancholy of the many mournful episodes which every where attended the terrible career of Napoleon. In the whole course of the French revolutionary wars, and the subsequent conflicts in which Napoleon Bonaparte shook Europe to its foundations, two spots stand out pre-eminent for their loyalty, their piety, their unexpected skill, and the extraordinary success which crowned their arms until subdued by powers utterly overwhelming. And nowhere was the reckless wickedness of the conquerors more signally displayed than in their treatment of the noble leaders who long led their fellow-countrymen to victory. These spots were La Vendée and the Tyrol; both of them places where Catholicism still ruled in the hearts of a united and simple people, and pro-

duced fruits of innocence in peace, as conspicuous as were the fruits of heroism and mercy which it produced in time of war.

At first the advancing French were unopposed. Lefebvre entered Innsbruck, and with his usual brutality plundered and burnt the villages in his course. The agreement which had been made between the Austrian Emperor and the French had stipulated for an amnesty to all engaged in the former war; but in place of an amnesty, Lefebvre published a list of proscribed names, of which of course Hofer's was the chief. It included also such of the noble and upper classes as had fought with the peasantry. These savage acts set the whole country in flames. The whole of the Tyrol, says the historian Menezl, flew to arms. The young men placed in their hats the bunch of rosemary gathered by the girls of their heart, the more aged a peacock's plume, the symbol of the house of Hapsburg; all carried the rifle, so murderous in their hands. They made cannons of larch-wood, bound with iron rings, which did good service; they raised *abattis*, blew up rocks, piled immense masses of stone on the extreme edges of the precipitous rocks commanding the narrow vales, in order to hurl them on the advancing foe; and so directed the timber-slide in the forest-covered mountains, or those formed of logs, by means of which the timber was run into the valleys, that they might command the most important passes and bridges, and so enable the people to shoot immense trees on the advancing troops with tremendous velocity.

Lefebvre divided his army into four divisions, with which he attacked the heart of the Tyrol simultaneously from as many different points. On the 4th of August a desperate battle took place between one of these *corps d'armée*, consisting chiefly of Saxons, and the Tyrolese, who were under the command of the Capuchin, on the heights above the town of Oberau. The conflict was frightful and bloody. The Tyrolese adopted their usual tactics, and harassed the Saxons with incessant firing, and that never-ending repetition of assault which was so paralysing to regular soldiery of the old German school. The Saxons had got possession of the town of Oberau, and when the fortune of the day turned in the patriots' favour, they stormed the town, and took prisoners the whole of the Saxons, who had not succeeded in cutting their way through the Tyrolese and joining the main division. Nearly a thousand Saxons were left dead on the ground. An immense number were captured; seven hundred of whom contrived to escape from their guards, and were recaptured by the armed women and girls. The courage of the women was indeed



one of the most striking proofs, at once of the indomitable spirit of the people and of the universality of the horror of Bavarian rule. And these martial feats were not confined to the female peasantry alone. The Baroness of Sternbach, mounted on horseback and armed with pistols, accompanied the patriots, and shared in the command. In the end, she was seized in her own castle, imprisoned in a house of correction at Munich, and then carried to Strasburg, deprived of her estates, insulted, and threatened with death. Her courage never failed her.

A similar fate to that which the Saxons encountered befel the invading division which marched up the valley of the Inn. In the darkness of the night of the 8th of August, after being repulsed by the Tyrolese, this body of troops, under Burscheidt, retreated as silently as possible over the bridge of Poutlaz. The infantry passed unheard, with stealthy steps; but when the cavalry followed, the noise of the horses' feet betrayed them to the watchful mountaineers, who were posted on the heights above. Instantly the crash came. Rocks and trees were rolled headlong upon the bridge, overwhelming men and horses together: the darkness adding fresh terrors to the attack, and the fallen bodies blocking up the road to those who were behind. The commander, with a few of his troops, escaped to Innspruck; the rest were all either killed or captured.

The third division met a similar reception in the Pustertal. Twelve hundred of the invaders lay dead on the field, and their companions retreated in hopelessness. As for the fourth division, it made no attempt to penetrate into the heart of the country.

Other conflicts took place between the mountaineers and the Germans under their principal leaders. The troops commanded by Lefebvre were almost cut to pieces by the peasantry headed by the Capuchin and Speckbacher. The Tyrolese performed prodigies of strength and valour. They dragged the cavalry from their horses, and killed them with their staves; Lefebvre himself scarcely escaped their hands, although he had taken the precaution to dress like a common soldier, to avoid being made the especial mark of the riflemen. One peasant is reported to have actually carried a three-pounder, which he had captured, on his shoulders across the mountains. An old man, above eighty years of age, grappling in deadly struggle with a Saxon soldier, shouted, "In the name of God!" and threw himself with his foe headlong down the precipice on which he had been posted. As elsewhere, the peasantry were not without the help of the nobles;

and Count Mohr was especially conspicuous among the people of Vintschgau. In the midst of all this slaughter and triumph, the Christian spirit of the Tyrolese never failed to soften the horrors of warfare; and they carried their wounded enemies carefully to the neighbouring villages, to be tended and healed.

The 13th of August drove the Bavarians out of the country once more. The Capuchin said Mass for the Tyrolese in the open air, and then led them on to the assault at Isel. Four hundred Bavarians speedily lay dead in heaps, crushed beneath the clubs and stalwart arms of the impetuous mountaineers. At night the enemy fled, and the whole valley of the Inn blazed with the watch-fires of the victors; while Lefebvre kept his own fires burning to deceive the Tyrolese into a belief that he was still encamped close by.

On the 15th, the Festival of the Assumption, Hofer made a kind of triumphal entry into the capital of his native country, now a third time delivered by him from its invaders. It was now that the purity of his patriotism and his religious honesty appeared in their brightest light. Forced by the prostration of the Austrians to assume the position of a military dictator, he used his power solely with a view to the preservation of the constitution of his country, and to the enforcement of the laws of religion and of public order. The disturbances which in the agitation of the times had begun in Innspruck, ceased the moment his authority was felt in exercise. His first work was to order a general thanksgiving to Almighty God for the success of the Tyrolese; and the festival was celebrated throughout the country with the deepest devotion and utmost solemnity. He instituted a search for stolen goods—including those taken from the Bavarians themselves—in every house in Innspruck; and imposed a heavy fine on every one who had secreted property not his own, however inconsiderable in value.

The title he assumed was that of Imperial Commandant of the Tyrol; and the proclamations and edicts which he issued were obeyed with the most scrupulous readiness by the people. He did not set himself, says the historian before quoted, above his equals, and followed his former simple mode of life. The Emperor of Austria sent him a golden chain and three thousand ducats,—the first money received by the Tyrol from Austria; but Hofer's pride was not raised by this mark of favour, and the *naïveté* of his reply to those who brought the gifts was a subject of ridicule to those who valued court-ceremoniousness above hearty simplicity. "Sirs," said he, "I thank you. I have no news for you to-day. I have, it is

true, three couriers on the road, and the Schwantz ought long to have been here; I expect the rascal every hour." He permitted no pillage, and no disorderly conduct; and guarded public morals with such strictness, as to publish an order against the indelicate mode of female dressing which had been imported by the French, of which, he said, "many of his good fellow-soldiers and defenders of their country have complained." The conclusion of this proclamation is too characteristic of the homely honesty of the man to be omitted. "It is hoped," it wound up, "that these women will, by better behaviour, preserve themselves from the punishment of God; and in case of the contrary, must solely blame themselves should they find themselves disagreeably covered with dirt.—Andrew Hofer, chief in command in the Tyrol." It may safely be said that this document stands unique among the proclamations of victorious soldiers.

Another of his proclamations may be given at full length, as showing what sort of man he was; and as standing in striking contrast with the "general orders" and "despatches" which we are accustomed to see from the pens of the generals and statesmen who are strangers to the principles which animated the noble-hearted Tyrolese. Some degree of discontent and ill-feeling had arisen in the southern part of the Tyrol, during the absence of the commandant of that part of the country, and the people had treated the troops with incivility and harshness. This unpatriotic conduct called forth the singular phenomenon of an order from the commander-in-chief; not as is the case in ordinary warfare, enjoining the soldiery to spare the people, but bidding the people treat the soldiery with consideration. Hastening to Botzen, Hofer quieted the irritation by the following:

"BEST-BELOVED SOUTH TYROLEANS,

"It is with great displeasure that I have learnt your ill-treatment of my troops. I publish now, my dear brave countrymen and brothers in arms, this proclamation, that the well-thinking may know how to behave to those who are conducting themselves so ill. From my heart, which beats for you all, I detest robbery and depredations of every sort; I hate contributions and extortions; and be assured that I will not pardon these mean actions.

"It is the duty of every brave defender of his country to watch over the honour, and cultivate the affection of his neighbour, that he may not incur the displeasure of the Almighty, who defends us so miraculously. Dear brothers in arms, recollect yourselves. Against whom do we fight?



Against friends or against foes? Against our enemies we have fought and conquered, and will still fight against them; but not against our brothers, who have been already so much oppressed. Consider that we ought to protect and assist our fellow-creatures, who are unable to carry arms. What would the world, the witness of our conduct,—what would our posterity say, were we not to fulfil these duties? The glory of the Tyrolese would be lost for ever.

“Dear countrymen, the whole world is astonished at our deeds. The name of the Tyrolese is already immortalised; and it is only necessary that we should fulfil our duty towards God and our neighbour, to complete a work so gloriously begun.

“Brave countrymen and brothers in arms, supplicate the Creator of all things, who is alike able to defend or destroy kingdoms at His pleasure, and He will guide you. Who at this moment would wish to disturb our tranquillity? I summon all the clergy, and those who are unable to bear arms, to assist and protect my troops; and such as are not able to render them any service, to implore God on their knees to bless our endeavours.

“I further acquaint all public bodies, towns, villages, and my troops in general, that as so many irregularities have happened in consequence of the conduct of commandants of their own choosing, during the absence of Joseph Morandell, whom I had appointed commandant of the Southern Tyrol, no proclamations, orders, or arrangements are to be attended to, unless issued and signed by him.

“ANDREW HOFER,

*Commander-in-Chief of the Tyrol.*

“*Botzen, 4th Sept. 1809.*”

Such was the internal government of the Tyrol, when all was lost through the faithlessness of that court which Hofer and his devoted followers had served so well. History affords few more striking illustrations of the words of king David, “Put not your trust in princes,” than the desertion of these heroic peasantry by the “noble” house of Hapsburg, when Napoleon’s renewed victories brought about the treaty of Vienna, concluded on the 10th of October. In this compact *the Tyrol was not even mentioned*. The self-sacrificing people were handed over to the tender mercies of bloody and despotic France and revengeful Bavaria, without a word of stipulation in their favour. A heartless manifesto was despatched to them by the Archduke John,—the very man who had been foremost in inciting them to support him and his house, when Austria

rose against Napoleon, in which he simply bade them disperse, and offer no longer a useless resistance. He added not a hint of security against the savage vindictiveness of their enemies, not a word of apology for Austria in having thrown overboard her solemn pledges *never* to forsake the Tyrolese.

Vast bodies of French and Germans now entered the Tyrol; but the people, as a nation, could rise no more against them, for their heart was broken. In some parts they fought with the energy of desperation against the invaders, accounting nothing so miserable as submission to such rulers, in whose eyes nothing was held sacred. The inhabitants of the Passeyr and Algund flocked to Hofer, and compelled him to lead them to the last dying struggle. For a brief space the patriots seemed about to conquer. At Meran, they cast from the heights such numbers of the invading soldiery, that it was said that the French fell like autumn-leaves into the town. A division of cavalry which attempted to surround them was actually annihilated. Rusca, who led bands of Italian brigands in the interest of the French, lost 500 dead and 1700 prisoners.

They still retained, however, their love of humour and their Christian mercifulness. A French major who had formerly fired a village in cold blood fell into their hands; but at the interference of the Capuchin his life was spared. At one place, while the French artillery was bombarding their position, the peasants set up a huge barn-door as a mark for the gunners to aim at, and at every shot they thrust up a ludicrous stuffed figure by way of joke. All, however, was vain; resistance gradually died away, and the French hanged and shot the most distinguished of the patriot leaders to their hearts' content.\* These courageous men died as they had lived, quailing neither on the field of battle nor at the place of judicial murder.

Hofer, with his wife and child, took refuge among the heights of the Tyrolese Alps. He was implored by his countrymen to fly; but he would never leave the soil where he had been born, and of whose people he had deserved so well. A traitorous priest, one Donay, in the pay of France, discovered and betrayed his hiding-place; and on the night of the 27th of January a body of *three thousand six hundred* French and Italian troops went to seize him in his mountain refuge. The calm dignity with which Hofer surrendered himself could not save him from the brutal insults of the Italians. They tore his beard, pinioned him, and dragged him half-naked and barefoot over the ice and snow down the cliffs into the valley.

\* During the pillage of the monastery of Seoben by the French, a nun threw herself down a precipice to escape from their hands.

He was instantly put into a carriage and despatched to Mantua. His death was predetermined by Napoleon; and orders were sent from Milan to shoot him within four-and-twenty hours. Four hours before his death he wrote the following letter to his brother-in-law:

“ My beloved wife is to have Mass said for my soul at St. Marie’s. She is to have prayers offered in both parishes, and is to let the under-landlord give my friends soup, meat, and half-a-bottle of wine each. The money I had with me I have distributed to the poor; as for the rest, settle my accounts with the people as justly as you can. All in this world, farewell, till we meet in heaven to praise God eternally. Death appears to me so easy, that my eyes have not once been wet on account of it.

“ Written at 5 o’clock in the morning; and at 9 o’clock I set off, with the aid of all the saints, on my journey to God.”

On his way to the place of execution he passed the barracks where other Tyrolese prisoners were confined. They crowded round him, fell on their knees, and begged his blessing. He blessed them, and entreated their pardon for any wrong he might have done them; and declared his conviction that in the end the Tyrol would return to the rule of the Emperor Francis. To Manifesti, the priest who attended him to the last, and to whom he made his confession, he gave his money to be distributed among his countrymen, his snuff-box, and his rosaries. Twelve soldiers were drawn up to execute the bloody decree. The drummer in attendance presented a handkerchief to Hofer to bind his eyes, and he was bid to kneel down in the usual way. He declined the handkerchief, and exclaimed with a strong voice, “ I have been used to stand upright before my God, and I will stand to deliver up to Him the soul He gave.” He then gave the signal to fire; but, whether from the agitation of the soldiers or not, they were obliged to fire thrice before he lay dead. The first volley brought him on his knees, the second stretched him on the ground, a third shot released his soul. It was the 29th of February, 1810, when this horrible murder was perpetrated.

Afterwards, when the Austrian dominion was re-established in the Tyrol and the north of Italy, the Tyrolese brought their hero’s body back to his native mountains. A marble monument to his memory stands in a church at Innsbruck, and his family were ennobled.

Of his two most distinguished companions, Haspinger the



Capuchin soon escaped to Vienna; where also, after extraordinary sufferings and dangers, Speckbacher arrived to taste the proverbial ingratitude of princes. The Bavarians hunted him among the mountains in troops, swearing to cut his skin into boot-straps. At Dux his flight was stopped by snow, and the Bavarians attacked a house where he took refuge. He leapt through the roof and got away, though hurt in so doing. For twenty-seven days he wandered, starving and frozen, amongst the forests, now buried in snow. For four days together not a morsel passed his lips. At length he came by chance upon a mountain-hut where his wife and children had hidden themselves. The Bavarians tracked him, and advanced to the capture; he seized a sledge lying by, placed it upon his shoulders, and walked out to meet them as if he were a domestic employed in his ordinary labour, and passed undetected. Then he hid himself in a cave on the Gemshaken, from which the thawing snows of spring, which slide down in masses to the valleys, carried him down one day for a mile and a half; he disengaged himself at last from the snow, but one of his legs was dislocated, and he could not regain his cave. In dreadful agony he crept to a neighbouring hut, where he found two men, who took him to his own home at Rinn, where his wife and children were returned. To his dismay he found the Bavarians in possession, and his only chance of escape lay in being buried in a hole beneath the bed of the cows, where his servant Zoppel daily brought him food. So imminent was the peril of discovery, that even his wife was left uninformed of his presence. For seven weeks he lay hid in this living tomb, till he was sufficiently recruited to cross the mountains, now free from snow. He reached Vienna; but the royal house he had so faithfully served had no smiles for him in his adversity. He bought a little property with the remnant of his possessions; but he was unable to pay the whole of the purchase-money, and he lost all he had. At length he would have been reduced to beggary, had not he actually entered as steward into the service of Hofer's son, who had been better treated by the emperor, and had received an estate at his hands.

When Napoleon finally fell, the Tyrol passed again to Austria, and now remains under its dominion. It is still one of the brightest spots of Christendom; the home of diligence, labour, simplicity, piety, and happiness. The seeds of decay and the elements of revolution are scattered far and wide in almost every other country in Europe; but if there is one people who gives promise of a long-lasting vigorous vitality, to be destroyed only by the overwhelming pressure of exter-

nal force, it is the race which still cherishes the memory of Andrew Hofer.

---

### MAGIC.

*The History of Magic.* By Joseph Ennemoser. Translated from the German by W. Howitt. London, Bohn (Scientific Library).

(Second Article.)

IN laying before our readers the further remarks we promised on the operations of the human mind in its relation to external objects, it may be as well to state, that in our previous article we were contemplating the subject of magic solely from the philosophical point of view. So far as magic was really, or in pretence, supernatural in its character, it did not come under the scope of our observations. It was, indeed, by an oversight that we omitted to specify the limits we thus proposed to ourselves. We overlooked the fact that the conclusion of our second paper could not possibly be known to the reader, and that therefore he might imagine that we had ignored the existence of the pretences to demoniacal aid which were frequently made by the votaries of the "black art." In these cases the subject of course enters the region of the supernatural, and the practice of magic becomes not only a philosophical absurdity, but a sin. Our own object was simply to trace the nature of those popular theories of metaphysics which readily lent themselves to be interwoven with the positively unchristian notions of the "magician;" a species of investigation at all times of the utmost importance to those who would learn, not only *why*, but *how*, certain doctrines and practices contrary to the faith become peculiarly prevalent at any one time or in any one country. We now proceed to lay our promised speculations before our readers, with a full sense of the difficulty and obscurity of the subject, and with all that hesitation which so profound a subject demands.

We have already shown that the possibility of magic reduces itself to a question of metaphysics. If the intellect of man is "a spark of the light by which the world was created," it has a spark of creative power, the exercise of which is precisely magic. Is it true, then, that man's intellect "partakes of the nature of the Supreme Intellect?" and if not, how can he come to know external things? Unless he possesses in some way the essences of things, how can he

understand them? and if he does possess their essences, how can he stop at understanding them? Why has he not power to control them? Or is it true that man knows nothing in its own essence, only in some symbol or similitude drawn from his own self-consciousness?

Students of metaphysics will see that in this inquiry we have come to the fundamental question of their science; the great problem to which all philosophers have directed their investigation being this,—how is it that man, from his mere personal experience and intuition, can arrive at general and universal science? How can the subjective become objective? How is external knowledge possible?

The answers to this question may be reduced to three:

1. Because our mind is of the same nature as the Divine Intelligence, which created, and therefore understands; which contains all substances in an immaterial manner, and therefore can dispose of all by immaterial means.

2. Because our mind is of the same nature as the world we contemplate; capable of understanding it, because composed of the same elements.

3. Because our mind, though it only knows itself, is forced to attribute its own characteristics to external things, which it therefore knows only interpretatively and by symbol, not essentially *in propriâ naturâ*.

The first and second answers imply the possibility of magic, as we showed in our former article, and as we can now further illustrate by quotations from persons who have defended them.

With regard to the first, Frederick Schlegel, who supposes that the Divine image in man has become almost extinct, but who expects its restoration, says, “The soul, purified and made complete, becomes once more *spiritually fruitful*; and in this *internal productiveness* . . . . is rendered *similar*, though at an infinite distance and in a very secondary sense, to the *Creator in His productive energy*” (*Phil. of Life*, lect. 15). He says, Adam exercised this productive energy by means of magical words. “That name by which each living creature is called by God . . . . must embrace the sum of its inmost essence—the key of its existence—the reason and explanation of its being . . . . through the communication to Adam by God of the names of all living things, the former was set up as lord and king of nature, and even as God’s vicegerent over the terrestrial creation” (*Phil. of Language*, lect. 3).

With this account we do not quarrel, if it is confined to the *supernatural* gift of God to man. But to be in the image of God is man’s nature; and if this image implies participation



in creative power, then magic is man's natural prerogative. If it is *natural* to the soul to see things "in God," it sees as God sees, and understands as He understands; perfectly, essentially. But as this is not the case, it does not naturally know through being "a partaker of the nature of the Divine intellect."

As to the second answer, one would have thought it quite too absurd for modern reproduction. Not so, however; for Mr. Emerson tells us, "The possibility of interpretation lies in the identity of the observer with the observed . . . like can only be known by like. The reason that he knows about them is, that he is of them; he has just come out of nature, or from being a part of that thing. *Animated chlorine knows of chlorine, and incarnate zinc of zinc*" (*Representative Men*, lect. 1). From this he deduces man's power over nature in words which he puts into the mouth of Plato (lect. 2). "I announce the good of being interpenetrated by the mind that made nature; this benefit, namely, that it can understand nature, *which it made and maketh*." For if "the soul by the fire of which it is made understands fire,"—as Heraclitus said before Emerson,—fire must be in itself intelligent, and outside the soul also must understand fire; there must be a mutual understanding between the element in the mind and the element in the world. By compelling the earth in the mind to entertain such a thought, the whole mass of earth throughout the world is compelled to entertain the same; and as thought is the law of action, by fixing our thoughts with perfect determination on a given line of action, we ought to be able to compel external nature to fulfil it; and this was really the pretence of magic, the falsehood of which we do not think it necessary to enlarge upon.

Hence we must conclude for the truth of the third answer, which is, that we only know so much of external things as we are forced by the law of our nature to attribute to them. Let us enter into some detail with regard to this system of metaphysics.

The fundamental question, then, of this science is, how can we determine that the things which we perceive have a real existence, external to, and independent of, ourselves? How can we attribute the idea of substance to mere sensations? How can we attribute objectivity to that whose only evidence must be subjective? Rosmini, in his *Nuovo Saggio*, contends that the essential characteristic of the human mind is the innate idea of existence, from which simple notion all conviction of reality is derived. We cannot agree with him, because we cannot see that what is first *in idea* need be there-

fore first *in nature*. We cannot see why, in tracing the origin of ideas, we must analyse a given notion, find its simplest and most general element, and conclude that this is naturally the first in origin. Because it is last in analysis, it need not be first in synthesis. We should rather seek what *is* historically the first than what *ought to be* the first logically. Experience shows us that the first ideas are the most complicated; and that it is only by the refinement of education that we arrive at the power of analytical simplification. Our faculty of judgment is a unity, and the judgment that it pronounces is also a unity, integral and individual. Analysis may afterwards portion out the predicate into fifty different ideas; but this operation will never prove that the idea was originally formed by the synthesis of fifty parts. Hence to assume that the most universal of these component parts was first in origin, and that the less general ones were deduced from this in gradual order and succession, and to explain the origin of the idea by putting a part of the original whole before the rest, is to re-introduce the old error of those who put reason before experiment in natural science. We cannot, then, agree with Rosmini that the idea of "possible existence in general" is the first that the human creature has, though we know that it is the last and simplest that we can get at, after the most refined analysis.

We would rather state the case in this way. The nature of our soul is such that we are obliged to attribute a like soul to external objects. Our soul has, as it were, two poles; one is the reason, of which the senses are the organs, and the intuitive perception of space and time the form. The other is the understanding, of which the various passions are the organs, and the spiritual faculties of power, knowledge, and will, the forms. The former side of the soul is conversant only with things in space and time; with things that can be extended and measured. The latter has only to do with things which have a possible existence independently of space and time. Reason is the faculty of mind which uses the information conveyed by the senses, and supplies their deficiency as instruments, not by transcending the subject-matter of the senses, and considering super-sensible things, but by giving us information about sensible things that lie out of the region of *our* sensation. The reason can use nothing, can entertain no idea, till it is reduced to terms of space and time, till it is symbolised by some sensible formula. But the understanding and its organs have reference to spiritual things; we do not love, are not angry with, do not hate things as extended, or coloured, long or short, but as morally good or bad, beautiful or ugly; to whatever object our passions are directed, we must think of

it as something more than mere phenomenon in space or time, visible, audible, tangible, or the object of taste and smell. As the reasoning side of our nature cannot attend to objects before it has invested them with its own forms of space and time, so the understanding side, before it can appreciate any object, must attribute to it the forms of spirit, power, knowledge, or will.

Thus we trace the first action of the understanding to the fact that we are born with feelings and affections which make us perforce attribute such qualities as we can sympathise with to beings external to us. The infant, like the man, has no notion of being alone in the world; if real human objects of its affections are wanting, it can make any thing, such as a doll or a rattle, supply their place. At first this attributive power acts indiscriminately; among young children, and people in an early stage of civilisation, every thing is supposed to be alive, and to be invested with human qualities. The child will chastise the naughty stone which has caused it to stumble; the Brahmin will deprecate the vengeance of rivers, rocks, and trees; and the Negro will worship a black-beetle, and trust in the mercies of a tiger's tooth. It is not long before the minor objects of nature, such as are found quite passive under human control, are gradually stripped of the various powers which have been attributed to them: the moral qualities disappear; it is suspected that the object is not conscious, and knows nothing; it is discovered to be not alive but dead: this analysis or abstraction goes on till we come to the last possible term, till there remains nothing but the fundamental idea of "existence in general" to be attributed to the object of our sensations. This process, soon ended with regard to stones and fetishes, is greatly prolonged in the case of the more sublime powers of nature, which are above human control: the rushing torrent, the sea, now rough now calm, the air, the winds, the planets, are all instinct with a mysterious life and divinity even to nations as far advanced in civilisation as the ancient Greeks and Romans. It is only when reason has gradually supplied the deficiencies of the senses by the construction of instruments which enable us to observe these great objects with the same ease that we observe the stone or the leaf, that they are stripped of their mysterious attributes, and the understanding is compelled to abstract all that was superfluous in its first estimate of them. So that now, after the spread of science, there is not an object in all nature, not even the almost unimaginable system which astronomical science proposes, which is invested with a tithe of that supernatural significance and awfulness with which our forefathers invested



the stump of an old tree, the cry of an owl, or the flight of a magpie.

Such is the opposition between science and sentiment, between the steam-engine and poetry. Thus, as we gradually unlearn the marvellous and mysterious powers with which we at first had invested all nature, we learn, *pari passu*, to analyse the powers of our own souls. When we come to attribute to animals animal and not human life, we arrive at the knowledge that our own life may be represented as animal life *plus* that character of reason and intellect which constitutes humanity: so in the next step we come to understand that animal life may be supposed to consist of vegetative life *plus* consciousness and spontaneity; and next that vegetable life may consist of existence *plus* powers of growth. But all these it is clear are but notions derived from our self-consciousness; they are but the results of the analysis of our projected selves. Therefore, with regard to the substance, essence, or existence of things, we know no more of them than what we put into them ourselves, not by individual caprice, but by a law of our nature.

It is generally objected to these psychological metaphysics, that they do not in any way account for the possibility of general, much less of universal and necessary propositions. Let us see whether this objection holds good.

We have assumed what we have termed, for the sake of convenience, two poles of the soul: one the rational, which has to do with space and time, and all that can be perceived only in relations of space and time; the other, the intellectual, or understanding, the subject-matter of which is spirit, life, substance, existence, and all such qualities as cannot be defined by straight lines and curves, by colours, sounds, or savours. Their operations may be exemplified in the two possible meanings of the copula in the propositions "A is A" and "A is." The former affirms the identity of one idea with another, or with itself, without any implication of the reality of its existence; the other affirms this reality of existence. The one is logical, the other intellectual; one is a function of the reason, the other of the understanding; the one is true or false simply according to its *form*, the other according to its *contents*.

When the proposition is not general, most philosophers will allow that it may be given by intuition or consciousness. By consciousness I know that I am a thinking being; but when we generalise a proposition, *e. g.* "that which thinks exists," they generally give another term to the function of thought which asserts it; Balmez, for instance, calls it *evi-*

dence. Consciousness, he says, cannot give necessary results, cannot pronounce an apodictical judgment. It is not *necessary* that *I*, the particular individual, should exist; but evidence *does* result in *universal and necessary* propositions. It is necessary that that which thinks should exist. The sole criterion of evidence, he says in another place, is the necessity and universality of its conclusions; and this can only result from the identity of the subject with the predicate, either as whole or as part: therefore we conclude that evidence may result from the intuition of this identity, and therefore there is no real distinction in kind between evidence and intuition.

The function of the understanding is not logical thought; this belongs to the reason, and it is only in the reason that propositions can be generalised, or perceived as universally and necessarily true. Behind this sensitive and rational pole of the mind there is the formal idea of space, hung up like a great white sheet, to receive the colours projected upon it by the magic-lantern of the sensitive or intuitive faculties. These are the senses, the memory, and the intuition; the senses present us with a mass of individual phenomena, and the consciousness of the similarity or dissimilarity of these particular sensations gives rise to particular judgments. The memory is a faculty by which we can reproduce a sensation more or less perfectly, and multiply it at will: if I have once seen an orange, I can remember and fancy as many as I please; if I have tasted it, I have a general consciousness that oranges are good. The intuition is a faculty by which we can build up shapes and produce lines and divisions in the formal idea of space, and this faculty alone gives us universal and necessary conclusions. The representations in my memory and fancy are only reproductions and multiplications of sensations, and therefore can never be necessary and universal; for a contrary sensation may turn up any day. But the representations in our intuition come only from ourselves; what we create we know perfectly; and when we have once produced the equilateral triangle, we know that it is perfectly impossible that an other equilateral triangle should be produced with different properties: we may not know all its properties, our intuition of it may not yet be perfect; but so far as we know it, we know that it cannot be different. This is the doctrine of Vico: "The intellect knows what it creates, and only what it creates, and because it creates it." To this Balmez objects, that "in the intellectual order, before you can create, you must understand; hence it is not the creative act, but the intuition of the object, which should be placed as the origin of all knowledge." Balmez says that we cannot form any

thing till we have conceived it; we say that, in fact, we cannot conceive a triangle, or any other figure, till we have formed it. But in order that we may know it as a universal truth, we must form it on a rule or definition; and this we suppose is the meaning of Aristotle, Dugald Stewart, and others, who make mathematical necessity depend on definitions. The opponents of this theory answer, that it is derived from the leading property expressed in the definition; for if the definition did not express a real property, nothing would follow; we might impose a name on an impossible figure, but we could draw no inference from it. Quite true; but such a mere verbal definition would not be a true mathematical one: the true mathematical definition is genetic, teaching how to make the figure, and being the law of its production. Thus we produce a straight line by tracing the most uniform direction between two points, and a circle by tracing a series of points in two directions from a given one, all equidistant from another point called the centre. The definition is a mere problem, too simple to need more proof than the mere statement. The problem, on the other hand, is a definition which cannot be intuitively perceived without a very careful production of it in the intuition. Such is mathematical truth.

gical truth is of the same kind. The rules of logic supply empty forms or measures, which are compared in the intuition, and which must be filled up with matter by the reasoner.

Thus reasoning, so far as relates to the form, is a mere arithmetic: it is, as Hobbes says, the addition and subtraction of parcels. "In whatever matter there is room for addition and subtraction, there is room for reason; and where these have no place, there reason has nothing to do." This proposition is illustrated by Hallam as follows: "When we assert that all  $A$  is  $B$ , we mean, that  $B = A + x$ , or that  $B - x = A$ ; now since we do not compare  $A$  with  $x$ , we only mean that  $A = A$ , or that a certain part of  $B$  is the same as itself;" and so on, carrying the same idea through all judgments. All necessary and universal judgments are thus reduced either to the analysis of that which we produce in the intuition or to identical propositions. Thus Kant's "universal problem of pure reason," viz. "how are synthetical judgments *à priori* possible?" is all moonshine; it does not appear that there are such. There is a synthesis in the intuition (by drawing figures) and a synthesis in the conception (the idea of these figures) which take place *à priori*, but no distinct *à priori* synthetical judgment. As empirical judgments come after sensation, so do *à priori* judgments come after intuition.



The quality of the judgment follows the quality of the sensation, or intuition, on which it rests. A particular sensation gives a particular judgment: reproduce and multiply this sensation in the memory or fancy, and you have a general judgment; produce mere empty divisions in the white tablet of the idea of space, and the intuition of these will give you necessary and universal judgments. Thus all generalisation comes from a certain productive and quasi-creative power in the mind; the power, namely, of reproducing and recombining in the memory what it has perceived, and of dividing and partitioning out its own intuitive idea of space. In fact, we may say that all human perception is judgment: we attribute to beasts, for convenience sake, sensation, like our own, without judgment; but because the act is thus divisible in idea, it does not follow that it should be so in nature. The human perception is judgment; the perception of the individual in the sensation is particular judgment; that of the general quality in the memory is a general judgment; that of the necessary in the intuition is a universal and necessary judgment.

But up to this time we have only dealt with phenomena, and with the bare empty spaces in which they are contained. With these alone can the reason deal; a man would not be rational who denied that A is A, that phenomena are appearances, that  $2+2=4$ . But when we come to the understanding faculty, there is no such absolute necessity. A man may refuse to attribute essential reality to phenomena, or he may insist on attributing even life and soul to earth and sea, yet not lose his claim to rationality. In these cases it is, as Schlegel says, "the will that decides;" a man becomes spiritualist or materialist, infidel or believer, by no mere logical process, but by a voluntary act of the understanding faculty, projecting more or less of the spiritual nature of which he is conscious into the conceptions and judgments which the rational faculty supplies. He may be immoral, infidel, heretical, absurd, in affirming or denying that A is, or has a real existence, but no such proposition can make him *irrational*.

The use of the attributive faculty cannot therefore be strictly defined by any logical necessity; and yet it is this faculty which must determine all the really interesting questions of humanity; by this alone can we come to comprehend, or even form, any theory of the existence of things. What is matter. Determine the question only by the rational part of the mind, and you can only say that it is phenomenon extended in space. Phenomenon is only subjective, so this term must be withdrawn. Extension in space is infinitely subdivisible, and the last term of the division is a point, which is

nothing ; therefore extended phenomenon, or matter, consists of an infinity of nothings, that is, it is nothing. Determine the question by the understanding, and we answer with Faraday, it is a system of forces : but what is force ? It is something akin to the spiritual power we are conscious of in the soul, which we feel to consist of knowledge, power, and will. Or again, in the conception of the old magical mythologists, matter was the pronunciation, the expression of the Creator ; but expression and pronunciation are simply projected knowledge ; thus we can only *understand* matter, not as it is in itself, but as it can be represented by one or other of the powers or forms of our understanding faculty, power, knowledge, or will.

Further, those things to which we cannot attribute any of the forms of the understanding are for that reason unintelligible to us as essences. We have shown that simple existence is the last step in the analysis of our spiritual consciousness, the feeblest idea of actuality that we can attribute to objects of perception. There are objects to which we cannot attribute this idea, and whose objective existence is unintelligible to us ; they lie further back, nearer to nothing than our intelligence can reach. But we must beware how we decide that they are therefore nothing ; they may be non-existent in any sense in which our understanding can comprehend existence ; but our soul need not be the measure of possible existence, any more than our senses are of possible phenomena ; there are numberless vibrations of æther and air on both sides of those which are to us visible and audible ; these may be seen and heard by other beings with organs of the same kind as ours ;—so it may be with the understanding. There may be possible existences which lie beyond the limits of its forms, power, knowledge, will, and substance. If we ever come to an idea to which we cannot attribute *substance*, we have no other understanding-conception to attribute to it ; substance is the last idea in our analysis of actual being, and we cannot halve it, nor attribute to conceptions an actuality that is not yet substance. Thus we are tempted to deny to such conceptions any actuality whatever, and to reduce them to nonentities, though we have no reason for refusing them a certain unintelligible kind of existence. Time and space are examples of this kind of conception ; we cannot pronounce true space and time to be objectively real, without, as Kant says, laying down the existence of two infinite and eternal nonentities. Not that we should allow as much as this ; we affirm that our intelligence of entity need not reach so far back as possible existence ; there may be an almost infinite distance between the simplest mode of existence that we can under-

stand and nothing, as there probably is between the slowest *visible* and the slowest *possible* vibration of the æther.

This inability to attribute substance to space and time shows that the action of the understanding is not arbitrary; otherwise we could attribute what we choose to any idea; and so, indeed, we can at first, as the ancients attributed substance, power, even personality, to these very conceptions of space and time. But in process of time we come to abstract, and at last to know exactly how much of the spiritual forms of the understanding we are to attribute to each idea. We can by an act of will, poetically, superstitiously, or magically, attribute power, knowledge, and will, even to a stone; but no act of the will can make us deny power, knowledge, and will, to the human soul, or to endow it with a merely passive existence. The quantity of the original attribution is a blind and arbitrary act, but the succeeding abstraction proceeds on rules, and the residuum of the attributed quantity is in a certain sense necessarily true; it is absurd (not logically irrational) to deny existence to stones, vegetative life to trees, force to things in motion, sensations and passions to animals, intellect and will to men.

Now we do not see how, unless man has passive existence in some respect similar to that of the stone, he could attribute it to the stone; nor unless he had vegetative life as a tree has, he could attribute it to the tree; if he had not force, a power of origination, like a moving mass, he could not attribute force to it, nor sensation to beasts, except he possessed it, nor intellect and will to his fellow-men, unless he had them to attribute. He has, then, a certain community or analogy of nature with all those things to which he can attribute the forms of his own understanding; and in this sense we may admit the old axiom, "That which knows is the thing known," which thus harmonises with Kant's axiom, "We can know nothing of things but what we place in them ourselves." Hence, we may observe in passing, our inability to attribute force or substance to pure space or time shows not their non-existence, but their want of community of relationship with our spiritual nature; our soul is neither extended in space nor successive in time; extension and succession, though necessary for the manifestation of its acts, are quite foreign from its substance.

In this, matter differs from souls: matter is conceived to exist in space; spirit, or soul, independently of space. Hence we are forced to attribute a double nature to matter, as phenomenon and as substance: as substance, we reduce it to a spiritual force; as phenomenon, to nothing.



Take matter as phenomenon: it is extended, therefore divisible; and divisible even to points, which have no magnitude, and are consequently nothing: but no multiplication of nothing can make something; we cannot by adding point to point generate matter; not even a line is composed of points, it is generated by the motion of a point. This motion is a force which resides in the moving point; matter, therefore, is a congeries of nothings, which are the centres of forces; the nothings vanish, the forces remain as the substance. The forces are not pure space or extension; the extension belongs to the mathematical lines and surfaces, and points, which are nothing. Matter, then, as we conceive it, consists of phenomenon in space, to which we cannot attribute substance; and of an unextended substance or force, which we are obliged to take as the fundamental reality of things.

Here, then, is the point on which magic takes its stand. We are obliged to assume for matter a substance without extension; to suppose that it is not essential to reality that there should be a proportion between volume and mass; that mass, volume, and all other phenomena, may be changed while the substance still remains; further, that this substance is a power identical with the power which we are conscious of possessing; a purely spiritual idea, furnished by the understanding, and quite independent of all the determinations of the logical part of the mind. Man, while he affirms for the objects of the senses and for space and time a certain unintelligible reality of their own in space and time, is obliged also to assume as the ultimate *substratum* and support of this unknown existence an actuality or substance similar to that of his own soul, and independent of space and time.

Have we, then, come back to the affirmation of Heraclitus, that man and the elements are similar in nature? Not at all. We cannot say that the community of our nature with the substance of matter is a community of identity, but only of analogy; matter has a substance not identical with, nor of the same nature as the substance of our souls, but only analogous to it. The substance of matter is not, as far as it goes, the same as the substance of the soul; the soul is not merely matter and something more, but a substance quite different from matter, only possessing a more or less remote similarity. Therefore the soul knows nothing of the real substance of matter. All that we can conclude is, that between the two substances there is some analogy, which enables the former to understand the latter in some degree, not as it is in itself, but in reflection and enigma. This is the nature of man; naturally he can understand no more than the analogies of his

own powers are capable of representing to him; he possesses no essence but his own, and is capable by nature of controlling no substance but his own. Therefore the pretence of magical power being a natural prerogative of the mind is quite false.

All real magical effects that have ever taken place are therefore supernatural. We deny only to the *human* mind control over external matter. There may be other spirits which can control any given matter by mere volition, as we control our bodies; all that we know is, that *we* cannot,—that human spirits in their natural state cannot do so. Whatever power of this kind any man ever possessed was not natural but supernatural; not his own, but impetrative; he must have been aided by God or His angels; or else, by the permission of God, he must have made use of the assistance of evil spirits. This is the old Christian estimation of magic, and in our opinion it is the only philosophical one. Of course, a great many acts, supposed to be magical, have been simply natural; and no doubt magnetism, so far as it is a reality, has been made use of in magic. We deny, however, that magnetism is any real representation of the ancient magic as a whole; its pretensions are not the same, nor is it founded on the same metaphysical misapprehension. We have attempted in these two papers (in which we fear, through an attempt to be brief, we have incurred the risk of obscurity) to show the ground of the misapprehension; how the ancient systems of metaphysics went even so far as to affirm magic, while the third system which we have adopted explains the origin of the error, but at the same time refutes it. The true answer to magical pretence is this: man's knowledge of the essences of things is symbolical, not real; he interprets nature, without having any intuition of its substance. His knowledge is secondhand, in symbol and sign; and his power is secondhand also, through his bodily organs, not directly by mere act of volition. To claim more than this is a blasphemous assumption of a share in the Divine prerogatives of the Creator.

---

## STORIES FOR THE POOR.

1. *The Clifton Tales*. Vols. I. and II. Burns and Lambert.
2. *Stumpingford; a Tale of the Protestant Alliance*. Richardson.

SOME little time ago\* we welcomed the first number of this interesting series of *Clifton Tales*, as full of promise for what was to follow. We have now to discharge the agreeable duty of assuring our readers that our augury has been fully justified, and that the first two volumes of the series, which are now complete, are well worth purchasing and adding to their lending-libraries. These tales are chiefly designed for the humbler classes of society; their scenes are laid principally in the poor man's home; the company you meet consists of small tradesmen and domestic servants. Some of these are living under the influence of the Catholic faith; some are groping their way towards it amidst a maze of ignorance and prejudice. An opportunity is thus afforded of exhibiting (1) the practical bearing of Catholic principles on the daily necessities and trials of humble life; and (2) some of the plain and easily-comprehended reasoning that conducts an honest inquirer from doubt and uncertainty regarding religion to the happy certainty of faith. Thus a humble Catholic, into whose hands this series may fall, may derive help and encouragement from the simple portraits he will there find of persons in his own way of life, "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing," trusting to the strength of the Sacraments, hoping for better things to come; and a sincere inquirer of the same class may find answers to many of his doubts, a solution of many of his difficulties, in the plain, honest controversy which now and then springs up in the course of these narrations.

Where there is so much excellence in all of them, it seems invidious to assign the palm of merit to any one in particular; yet they are by no means equal in the same kind of excellence. Of *Rich and Poor*, for instance, we should say, that though a pretty-enough story, it lies too much in the drawing-room and in "good society;" there is too much about "the mysterious galaxy of jewels," and *lapis-lazuli* beads, &c., for the class of persons aimed at in its composition. And of *Lucy Ward* we are bound to say that it is full of sweetness and beauty, but far beyond the reach of most Catholics of any class; its mystic experiences will not wear well, we fear, in

\* *Rambler*, June 1853.



the cottage or the servants' hall, and will not attract the inquiring Protestant. On one point we beg leave to enter our protest very decidedly. Any one who undertakes to explain the ceremonies of the Mass, or any other part of Catholic worship, ought first to be very sure that he fully understands them himself. Now (at p. 51) the author of this story, by way of explaining the carefulness of the priest in putting only a drop or two of water into the chalice at the offertory, says that he puts it in with a little spoon. It happens that this practice is expressly forbidden by the Congregation of Rites.\* It is a relic of French rigidism and scrupulosity, more honoured in the breach than the observance.

In our opinion, *Winifride Jones* stands very high indeed in the order of merit among these little tales. It has the advantage of possessing more story in it; it gives a fuller portraiture of its characters than most of the others; its picture of "the very ignorant girl," who knew more of duty than most people about her, is admirable, and full of practical usefulness. We think we can detect in its analysis of character and motives, in its pure, limpid style, the hand of an accomplished authoress, already high in estimation among us. Of *Joe Baker* we have already recorded our favourable opinion; and we must say, with perfect impartiality, that taking into account the object and intention of these tales, there are none of them which fulfil these so well as the three, *Bad Words*, *Well known to the Police*, and *James Chapman*, which we happen to know are due to the same pen as our old favourite, *Joe Baker*. Their style, indeed, is not so polished as that of *Winifride Jones*; but there is a strong, rough-hewn, English middle-class sense and vigour about them, and especially in their dialogue, of which we want more examples, and which high finish is almost sure to deteriorate a little. They bear the stamp of portraits from life, made by one who has studied our peasantry and its character in its cottage-homes, who recognises common interests and sympathies in the humblest, who has found a way to the fountains of tenderness and feeling in the hearts of poor children. Amidst the stony places of controversial dialogue in these three tales, the reader comes suddenly upon a touch of simplicity or of childish grace, which makes the involuntary tear start to his eye. Altogether, we are disposed to place *Well known to the Police* at the head of the whole; though, indeed, *James Chapman* merits that distinction almost as well.

The nature of these little tales is such, that an extract from them here or there would give as imperfect an idea of their

\* Sept. 7, 1850. See Dale's *Ceremonial according to the Roman Rite*, p. 296.

general structure as the brick, in the old classical joke, gave of the house from which it was taken. Yet our readers will thank us for one or two short passages, which may be taken as pretty good specimens of the peculiar genius of these tales.

Poor Winifride Jones, the "very ignorant girl," and kitchen-maid in the family of her Protestant master and Catholic mistress, is one evening intrusted with their invalid daughter's infant child, while the nurse is obliged to leave him for a little:

" 'Well, that will do for to-night, Winifride,' said Mrs. Leslie, despondingly, taking the brush from the uncouth handmaid; 'I am very tired, and must get into bed, instead of sitting with baby while nurse is at her supper. Can I trust you to take my place, and not to fall asleep? He is rather restless to-night; and if he cries, I should like you to take him up and soothe him again quietly. If he is very fractious, carry him about the room gently; only don't drop my baby, as you did the comb.'

"Winifride replied that she would be very careful of him; and Mrs. Leslie, going into the adjoining apartment, dismissed the nurse to her supper, gazed fondly on her little Arthur, not venturing to kiss him lest she might awake him; and leaving Winifride installed by the cradle, retired into her own bed-room, to seek the repose she so much needed, but seldom enjoyed.

" 'How shall I manage to teach that poor ignorant creature any thing?' she said to herself as she lay down; 'she is so insuperably dull, as well as disgracefully ignorant. Where little is given, however, it is a comfort to reflect that God requires little.' . . .

" . . . Nurse has not yet come up. How long she is at her supper! People always seem long when we are impatient. There is baby crying again. Is Winifride awake, and has she followed her directions?

"Winifride is awake; since the moment that Mrs. Leslie left her by the child's cradle she had never stirred, never once leant back in her chair, never taken her eyes off her infant charge. Was it stupidity and dulness, or was it anxiety to perform her duties properly that kept her so immovable; her calm grey eyes, with their thick double fringe of dark lashes, the only good feature in her face, fixed upon the sleeping babe, and her clasped hands resting on her knees? Who might tell but He who is the eternal witness of our thoughts and our angel guardian, to whose spiritual eyes our every attitude and gesture are as a transparent language revealing the hidden soul? But now Arthur is stirring; he stretches his little hands, and convulses his little face, and puckers his little mouth, till the whole results in a complaining whimper, ready to develop into an unmitigated roar. Winifride raised him gently from his crib, and laid him on her knees, while without rising, she pushed back the candle which stood on a high chest of drawers close to her, that its light might not offend the half-opened eyes of the baby. The whimper had been suspended by the change of position, and

when it threatened to return, she lifted the infant and rocked it soothingly in her arms. It was quiet again; and Winifride laid it down once more on her knees, and gazed at it with the same calm and passively earnest face. The baby smiled, and the smile was faintly reflected on the face of its young nurse, as with a fond and almost reverential countenance she raised to her lips its tiny hand, which she stooped to kiss, muttering as she did so, '*He was once a child.*'

"Mrs. Leslie had at this moment glided into the room unperceived. What was it riveted her to the spot, with her eyes gazing at Winifride with an interest so new and unexpected? The light shaded from the infant fell full on the girl's wide, calm brow, which wore an almost thoughtful aspect; while a smile, so faint that it almost eluded you, and vanished while you marked it, played round her lips. Did she look sad? Did she look glad? What did she look like, as she raised its hand to her lips? Was it distance, was it a peculiar light, which so transformed those ordinary features, and made the curious and astonished eyes which watched her see but one resemblance?

"*'Strange, strange,'* muttered Mrs. Leslie to herself, as she crept back to her bed, '*that plain little Winifride should look so like a Madonna.*'"

From the group of tales contributed by the author of *Joe Baker* we feel it still more difficult to select a suitable and characteristic extract; for their merits are so uniformly diffused throughout their whole narrative and dialogue as to make a brief selection almost impossible. The following, however, taken from *Well known to the Police*, strikes us as possessing more beauty than common. Hannah May has come to see her dying sister, who is a Catholic, and whose fatherless child waits on her sick mother and supports her by the scanty produce of her daily labour. Aunt and niece are conversing on the state of the poor invalid:

"*'I wonder you can bear it!'* exclaimed Hannah, who could now only speak between bursts of distress. '*It's enough to break the spirit of one so young.*'

"*'But it doesn't do so,'* said Mary; '*it gives me spirit, and such strength and happiness as no girl can know who does not see what I see, and live as I live.*'

"*'I can't see sickness and want in the light in which you see it,'* said Hannah.

"*'But it isn't want,'* replied Mary; '*God's blessing is fresh every day. I have never been without a day's work; and as to sickness, why, can you look on mother and not feel that to have to do with one like her is a pleasure and a blessing?*'

"*'Well, I know what you mean; but it shakes one from head to foot; and things look so mean.'* Hannah gave a glance round on the whitewashed walls and bare floors.



“‘O aunt!’ cried Mary, ‘no place is mean that has a dying saint in it. The wood of the manger was not mean after that our Blessed Lord had blessed it by lying there. Gold and jewels are too mean to hold it now, if we had any thing more precious to put it in. And, next to Himself, what is there so sanctifying as a soul redeemed by His blood, burning with love to Him, to whom He so often gives Himself in the Blessed Sacrament, and who will so soon see His face? O, this room has never been mean since mother came to it!’

“‘Let me keep you a minute more,’ said Hannah. ‘Mary, you don’t seem at all bowed down with grief. You are sorry for her?’

“‘I can’t say that I am sorry for mother. I am sorry for myself. When I think of how many years may pass before I see her again, I am sorry, very sorry; I cry, and I can’t help it; and I need not help,’ said Mary, wiping her eyes for the first time. ‘But no one can be sorry over mother. It is an hourly blessing to watch her. God’s will is being done in mother. She would lie there a hundred years, or go to-night, whichever Jesus likes. No pain or trial touches her, except to make her better than she was before it came; she can’t be a grief to me. The priest says that such sights are the joy of his life, and it must be so; it is the triumph of grace.’”

Blessings on the heart that traced lines of sweet and beautiful simplicity like these,—lines carefully copied from the daily triumphs of grace, by one who is no novice in the study of its operations among Christ’s beloved poor. A thousand blessings on this band of authors, who have dedicated their envied mental accomplishments to the service of a class for whom little has yet been done by the Catholic press. We trust that they will take courage from the past success of their labours, and that their example will entice others to co-operate with them in the same field. Ground has hardly yet been broken in it; and yet it is scarcely possible to overrate its importance. The work of writing for children and for the poor is one which the most highly-cultivated intellect need not disdain to engage in. It is one which, if well performed, will give full employment to the most vigorous mental powers. It is a mistake to imagine that any thing is good enough for so “inferior” a class of composition. Nothing, on the contrary, can be too good, provided it is expressed in such language as the poor use and understand; and here lies one great difficulty peculiar to such writing. Technical language of every kind must as much as possible be avoided, and yet clear ideas on technical subjects must be conveyed; a task in itself sufficient to demand great familiarity with the subject, clearness and variety of language, and facility of illustration.

Then, again, stories of any kind, if they are to be readable

at all, and to engage the attention of simple minds, must more or less task the imagination of the writer. Provided they are natural in their incidents, and practical in their tendency, let them be as beautiful, as full of fair and attractive images, as possible. This is one point on which all of the *Clifton Tales* are, in our opinion, somewhat deficient. They are all more or less prosy in their story: occasionally something good and interesting occurs in their dialogue; but the story itself hardly carries the reader on in any of them with sufficient interest. We are convinced that the thirst for what is poetic and beautiful as well as good is not confined to persons of external refinement and highly-educated taste; it exists in every mind, we believe, till it is vulgarised by familiarity with deformity, or brutalised by open sin. It is one of the many false positions of Protestantism, to have first dried up all the channels of softening and refining influence from the poor, and then to deny the capability of its victims to receive such influence. It was in a very different way that the builders and decorators of our old churches worked in their day for the poor. Pictures and glorious windows were then the only books within the poor man's reach; it is unnecessary to describe how lavish those old artists were of beauty and imagination in their noble works. Were it only a simple window in a parish church, on which no eye might rest more cultivated than that of its rustic worshippers,—form, expression, colour, were all made as beautiful, and in their measure as perfect, as a skilful hand and a loving heart and a glowing imagination could make them. In like manner with printed books: if we could command the services of a Scott or a Fouqué, we should not think their genius thrown away in dedicating it to the poor. Let books written for them show forth the beauty of religion, in its worship, its missionary achievements, its influence on character, its triumphs over misfortune, evil habits, mean and low ideas; in its victory over death. We are much mistaken if such themes as these will not give employment, to their full extent, to the most mature intellect and the brightest imagination. Let them have full scope in such a work, without stint or grudging, fully, freely lavished on so worthy an object.

The poor are, by their very necessities, shut out from much that is refining and consoling in external nature, in the world of art: green fields, sublime mountains, the silent eloquence of the great masters of painting and sculpture, are things unknown to the million workers in our factories and mines. But something of their refinement and solace may be reflected into the poor little chamber where the child of toil takes his meal or

his rest by the friendly hand of a genial writer. What though a rampart of dingy brick rises high and dark within twenty feet of his little window; or a sable curtain of smoke and fog excludes, for weeks at a time, the companionship of the blue sky and the glittering stars? What though he is surrounded with a moral atmosphere of coarseness and vice; with oaths instead of music; gin and tobacco for perfumes; the sight of the deformed victims of sin offending his sense day after day? The sacraments of grace defend him from the corrupting taint; and his story-book transports him away from this squalid den to a scene more congenial to his pure mind. He becomes familiar, through its medium, with the virtues of patience, hope, and courage, in daily operation; the bond that unites him to the good and the faithful every where is strengthened; the glories of the Church in history, and at the present time, grow familiar to him; he forgets his cross for a little, while his friendly author conducts him into Catholic lands, where men are not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; where Christ's vicar lives like a prince, as he is, with the earthly as well as the heavenly power of his Master abiding in him. The heart of the poor workman expands as he reads; he closes the book thanking God from his very heart that He has called him to be a Catholic.

Other qualifications also must concur to equip the popular writer for his mission. He must have a strong and deep sympathy for the persons for whom he is to work. He must study them as they are; must find out what interests them most,—where the key to their affections and motives lies. Their very habits and modes of speech must be, to a certain extent, familiar to him; he must be no stranger to their simple virtues; nor ignorant of their weak side, or their prevailing and commonest temptations. Otherwise he will work in the dark; he will write either above their understanding, or so immensely below it as to repel them quite as much. In a word, the successful writer for the poor must also be their frequent visitor; his study must not be the only place where they meet him; he must quit it often, to pursue his studies from the life among the living members of Christ's mystical body. This of itself involves some labour, and trouble, and patience, and charity. No one who grudges these will ever excel in this good work.

What is done for the poor, however, does not end with the poor. It is good work done for the rich also, if they but knew it. Their artificial mode of life separates them too much from their humble brother; but a portrait of his virtues will win them to take some little interest in him perhaps;



the picture of his peculiar trials and temptations will induce them to do something to relieve him. Add to this, that it is always good for men artificially reared to be carried back now and then to simple principles,—such principles as ought to be found in popular books for the poor. A simple diet is a cure for the diseases incident to a pampered appetite; abstract disquisitions on virtue and morality are hardly worth our simple illustration of either in the lives of the poor. To quote the language of a dear friend of ours, an enthusiast in the study of the poor, when lately writing to us on this subject, “People want to be told that it is no condescension to lay their hearts side by side with the hearts of the poor; it does a rich man good for a time to read a story which causes him to lose sight of his purple and fine linen, and stand with the poor man before the heart-judging God.”

There is one branch of this particular style of writing which we think, in its own proper limits, well calculated to be of service to the cause of truth; we mean, the use of comic humour in exposing absurdities which are arrayed against truth. The tale of *Stumpington* is the best illustration of this kind of writing that has ever come in our way, surpassing, as we think, even the keen satires which used to issue from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Paget, so well known to Puseyite readers. We should be sorry for the health or spirits of the man who could hear the first twenty pages of *Stumpington* well read without laughing as heartily as he ever did over *Hudibras* or *Don Quixote*. It is a faculty, however, this of humorous writing, which must be employed sparingly, and with due regard to the objects against which its shafts are directed. In this instance the eccentricities of the Protestant Alliance are a legitimate field for any amount of ridicule. The end of the tale, however, changes from comedy to tragedy.

One word to the buyers as well as to the writers of books seems not out of place here. Unless people will buy, authors cannot write, booksellers cannot publish what is written, except at a ruinous sacrifice of time and capital. We would urge it as a duty on all who have the means of doing so to assist in this good work, at least by buying and distributing as many copies of these Tales as they can afford. If they cannot write stories for the poor, they can assist those who are able and willing in this effectual way, and may thus lay claim to a share in their merit.

God speed the work, then, we say, so auspiciously begun, by putting it into the hearts of our ablest writers to do something for His glory in this important field. Their work will

last beyond their own short day; it will stand and fructify long after the brain that thought and the hand that wrote have mouldered into dust.

---

NOLTE'S REMINISCENCES OF A MERCHANT'S LIFE.

*Fifty Years in both Hemispheres; or, Reminiscences of a Merchant's Life.* By Vincent Nolte, late of New Orleans. Translated from the German. Trübner and Co.

WHERE have we been living all our lives, that we have never heard of Mr. Vincent Nolte, late of New Orleans? Pottering over five-pound notes, and thinking a few hundreds a year a respectable income, we have been all the while imagining that with newspapers and penny-a-liners and "own correspondents" innumerable, we must surely have heard something of every moneyed potentate, or hero of romance, in these days when every body knows every thing about every body else. If any person has remained utterly unknown to the rest of the world, surely, we think to ourselves, he must belong to the simply respectable and unadventurous multitude. And least of all have we looked for romance, vicissitude, and the other materials for a surprising history, in the dingy chambers of the Rothschilds and the Barings. Nothing less than the unhesitating pen of a Disraeli could invest the inhabitants of those unknown recesses with the interest of a novel, or presume to pass a *Sidonia* upon the world as a living, tangible, and visible reality.

Nevertheless, though he has nothing of the "*Sidonia*," here has this Mr. Vincent Nolte—of whom we will wager any reasonable sum, that not one man in ten thousand in this newsmongering country has ever heard—been tumbling to and fro for the last half-century between the new and old worlds; consorting with ministers, millionaires, monks, soldiers, naturalists, cotton-dealers, Indians, royalists, and revolutionists; throwing about his millions as unconcernedly as we treat our "coppers;" and experiencing every vicissitude of human life: duelling, starving, scandal-carrying, intriguing, money-lending,—even to the Pope,—and carrying out commercial and monetary transactions of a gigantic magnitude, appearing to us ordinary beings almost as impossible as the transmutations of a fairy tale.

Born at Leghorn, in 1779, of German parents of the com-

mercial class, Mr. Nolte was kicking about the world all his long life. At twenty-four years old, he was questioned by Napoleon. He fought under General Jackson against the English at New Orleans, and became a naturalised American citizen. In Florida he was wrecked; in London he had private audiences of Queen Victoria, and was clapped into the Queen's Bench prison; at New Orleans he had the yellow fever; at Malta he was suspected of having the plague; at Venice he translated some English title-deeds for the monks of San Lorenzo, and starved on bread and cheese with the payment thus earned; in Sicily he peeped into the crater of Mount Etna; in Austria he was the confidential adviser of the prime-minister Von Kúebec. At least he says all this, and much more; and whether or not he tells his story truly, at least we must acknowledge of it, speaking politely in Italian, that *se non vero, e ben trovato*; or, in the more homely vernacular, that if he tells lies, he tells them uncommonly well.

Not that Mr. Nolte's book, like most others, does not contain a great deal that is uninteresting; not in the way of word-spinning, but because much that he relates is dull to those who are not specially interested in financial speculations. The very names of Hope, Baring, Labouchere, and Ouvrard, are, it is true, enough to fill the ears of the imagination with the jingle of sovereigns or the rustle of bank-notes; but after all, the rises and falls in the cotton and money-markets are not very exciting reading to those who have neither speculated in the one, nor can possibly turn a penny by the other.

As for the autobiographer himself, his character is not difficult to gather. He must have been an active, shrewd, ready, clever, good-humoured, and unprincipled fellow, so far as Christian morals are concerned; though we dare say he passed muster most respectably upon 'Change, and was accounted rather a jolly dog at a dinner-table. He seems to have taken the ups and downs of life with the philosophic coolness of a man with an easy temperament, a good digestion, and an india-rubber conscience. Altogether, he may fairly rank among the singularities of the human species.

He began mercantile life at Leghorn; but from the first enlivened its drudgery with gaiety and foppery. In those days the English *mode* was all the rage with the young Italian beaux of that part of Italy. He thus describes his tailoring tastes, and the paternal example which made his propensities almost hereditary:

"Neglect of my office-duties was a natural consequence. I went after all sorts of amusements, drew caricatures on my letter-stand in the counting-room, frolicked for hours together with my



friend, the young and universally-beloved painter Terreni, who was a great fop, and had the mania of aping the dress and manners of the Englishmen who from time to time made their appearance in Leghorn. This disease, thanks to his illustrious example, took root in my breast too; and whenever, during the course of the week, I could see a newly-arrived visitor among the English, who at that time were so constantly noticed at Leghorn, but more especially at Florence, and could on the ensuing Sunday exhibit myself on the Corso attired in a similar costume, I was supremely happy. The tailor had received no order forbidding him to let me have clothes, and his account at the end of the year presented the not inconsiderable sum total of twelve coats, of all colours, and twenty-two pair of hose and pantaloons, which were just then coming into fashion. By the way, this was a hereditary propensity. So long as he lived in Italy, my father had paid great attention to his toilet; and when he left Leghorn he took with him to Hamburgh a whole wardrobe of embroidered and laced coats of all colours, from his bottle-green gold-laced wedding-coat, lined with poppy-coloured satin, and worn with hose to match, to a simple coffee-coloured frock—all of French cut and make. After a time he sold the collection to Schröder, then theatrical manager at Hamburgh. The wardrobe in question had become very familiar to us all, from the regular quarterly brushings and dustings it got; and I have a very lively recollection of what occurred some time subsequent to the sale, in the theatre, whither we had gone to see Schröder himself in the part of Count Klingsberg, in his comedy *Die unglückliche Ehe aus Delicatessen* ('Too much refinement makes unhappy matches'). When Schröder appeared, my eldest sister, since Madame Berkemeyer, recognised the familiar garment he wore, and shouted out, 'That's papa's coat! that's papa's coat!' or, to use the Hamburgh phraseology, 'That's papa, his coat!'"

At Leghorn Mr. Nolte obtained his first sight of Napoleon, then at the height of his anti-English frenzy. The story he tells of his outbursts of hatred is in character with what every one else relates. Nor is Mr. Nolte's description of the future emperor's personal appearance in any way inconsistent either with his portraits or with the accounts furnished by other observers:

"About eleven o'clock on the ensuing day all the foreign consuls waited upon Bonaparte, who was dismissing them very abruptly, when his glance happened to fall suddenly upon my uncle in his red consular uniform. He instantly accosted my worthy relative thus: 'What's that, an English uniform?' My uncle, overwhelmed with confusion, had just presence of mind enough left to stammer out, 'No, padrone' (this word was probably borrowed from the street-corners). '*No, questa é l'uniforma di Amburgo!*'—'No, master (or boss), this is the uniform of Hamburgh!' Having thus delivered

himself, he tried to get away ; but Bonaparte went on with a fierce diatribe against every thing that even looked English, thought English ideas, or could have any intercourse whatever with England. ' These Englishmen,' said he, according to the recital of my uncle when returned to the house,—' these Englishmen shall get such a lesson as they never heard of before ! I march now on Vienna, and then farther northwards, where I will destroy their hiding-places at Hamburgh and other places of resort, and then ferret them out in their own piratical nest !' My uncle told me that upon this outbreak he could not keep himself from exclaiming aloud, '*Birbante !*' (villain) before the whole company present ; but that the sound of it was lost in the general buzz of the throng. . . .

" I stood by, waiting until he should come out. At length he appeared, surrounded by a number of officers. I saw before me a diminutive, youthful-looking man, in simple uniform ; his complexion was pallid and of almost yellowish hue, and long, sleek, jet-black hair, like that of the Talapouche Indians of Florida, hung down over both ears. This was the victor of Arcola ! While he was taking his place on the right-hand seat in the carriage, and waiting for his adjutant, I had a moment's opportunity to examine him with attention. Around his mouth played a constant smile, with which the rest of mankind had evidently nothing to do ; for the cold, unsympathising glance that looked out of his eyes showed that the mind was busied elsewhere. Never did I see such a look. It was the dull gaze of a mummy, only that a certain ray of intelligence revealed the inner soul, yet gave but a feeble reflection of its light. Macbeth's words to the ghost of Banquo would almost have applied here, ' there is no speculation in those eyes,' had not what was already recorded, and what afterwards transpired, unmistakably shown the soul that burned behind that dull gaze."

The most novel feature in Mr. Nolte's book is the revelation it makes to the uninitiated of the mysteries of banking and millionaire life, and the sketches it gives of the personal characters of some of the kings of the monied world. Now and then we are let a little into the secrets of public establishments as well as private. Such a story is one regarding the managers of the Bank of England, at the time of the panic caused by the rebellion of 1745, when the Pretender had marched as far as Derby, and the battle of Culloden was yet unfought. Every body was rushing to the bank to get their notes changed into coin, and the directors hit upon a plan similar to that which theatrical "managers" adopt in order to convey to the spectator the idea of the continued march of a long procession. They employed a host of people to come with prepared cheques for various sums, which they paid off in sixpences, thus spending an immense time in the exchange. These people then entered the bank by a

back door, and brought back the sixpences; and the game was played over and over again, while the *bonâ fide* demands came up so slowly, that before the stock of bullion was exhausted the panic was over and the bank safe.

A singular illustration of the way in which quick-witted mercantile men take advantage of crises in the political world, and suddenly realise (or lose) vast fortunes, occurred in France at the first outbreak of the revolution in 1789. Ouvrard, afterwards so celebrated among European capitalists, was then but nineteen years old; and when the Bastille was destroyed, and liberty of speech and print insured, or apparently so, he conceived the idea that there would result an immense increase in writing and publishing, and that paper would become scarce. Supported by the credit of his personal connections, he immediately made a contract with all the paper-manufactories in a large district for every sheet of paper they should deliver for the next two years. The expectation proved correct, and the young speculator actually sold his bargain to certain large publishers at a profit to himself of 300,000 francs.

This same Ouvrard is one of the most conspicuous personages in Mr. Nolte's pages; and very curious is the history of his gigantic dealings with Napoleon, and of the utter unscrupulousness of the victorious soldier. It was not likely that the man who could shoot Hofer and D'Enghien, when they stood in his way, would be particularly tender either of the feelings or the pockets of shop-keepers, as he counted every man who bought and sold. One of these occasions shows of what elastic stuff the capitalist himself was made, and how he contrived, at such a time and with such a master, to keep his head above water at all. In 1809, Napoleon, in a fit of ill-humour, shut up Ouvrard in the castle of Vincennes, and, with characteristic brutality, forbade him the use of pen, ink, and paper, and even of books:

"At the dinner-table, upon the occasion I am now alluding to, Mr. Labouchere asked him how, with such a restless disposition as his, he had managed to pass the time under such circumstances. Without stopping to think long about his reply, he answered, that what had really puzzled him was to find something to occupy his mind, and, at the same time, some exercise for his body, between four bare walls. 'At length I hit upon the right plan,' said he; 'happening to thrust my hand into one of my coat-pockets, I there found a packet of pins. I at once took them out, and counting them carefully, discovered, like Leporello in *Don Juan*, the number to be 1003. I thereupon took the whole quantity in my hand, and flinging them around, scattered them into all quarters of the



room. I then began the task of picking them up again, until I could produce exactly the same number I held at first. Each time three, four, five, or even more were missing. These I searched for untiringly until they were found; and many a time have I spent a whole hour in conjecturing where they could have fallen: and then I would pry into every cranny, chink, and hole in the walls, or on the paved floor; and in this way I procured a healthful and uninterrupted course of bodily and mental exercise.' "

Another anecdote gives us the financier meddling with the emperor's sensitiveness with a perilous hardihood. After the battle of Austerlitz, Mademoiselle Georges, the celebrated actress, was performing at Paris; and among her ardent admirers Ouvrard was one of the foremost. In former days, when Napoleon was only a general, this same actress had treated him with considerable *nonchalance*; so that it may well be imagined that the imperial temper was by no means peculiarly well-disposed for the following incident, in which the sovereign clearly discerned the banker's hand:

"I had seen," says Mr. Nolte, "and admired Mademoiselle Georges the preceding year, during the short period I spent in Paris on my journey to Amsterdam; and limited as my sojourn in that capital had been, I still had found an opportunity to get a peep at life behind the scenes of the new imperial *régime*. The literary circles of the capital were just at that moment taken up with a new tragedy, which the celebrated play-writer and poet Renouard was then preparing to bring out in the Théâtre Français, under the title of *Les Templiers* (the Templars). The part of Ignaz de Molay, the grand-master of the Templars, was in the hands of Talma; the parts of the king and the queen were given to Lafond and Mademoiselle Georges. The rehearsals had been finished; the time for the first performance fixed upon; and the intended presence of the emperor and empress every where announced.

"Paris at that time was in a buzz with all kinds of anecdotes about the remarkably splendid set of diamonds which had been presented to the empress by the court-jeweller Fossin, and which consisted of a diadem, necklace, and pendants for the ears. The price which had been asked for this superb ornament was half-a-million of francs; and, unless my memory fails me, I recollect to have heard at that time of another smaller sum, that is to say, about three hundred thousand francs. Josephine, whose purse was always empty, in consequence of her propensity for extravagance, had expressed a desire to obtain possession of these diamonds; but the emperor would not hear of either of these sums. Paris had a great deal to say concerning the scenes that passed between Josephine and Napoleon in consequence of this affair; they were the ever-recurring topic of conversation among the ladies generally, to whose curiosity the jeweller was indebted for very frequent visits. People

wanted to see what it was that an emperor could deny to his empress.

"On the appointed day, placards announcing the first representation of *The Templars* were visible at all the street-corners.

"I had been so fortunate as to procure a parquet-ticket for a seat on the second row of benches, from which I could get a good view of the imperial pair. I saw them enter their box, on the left of the house, and take their seats, Napoleon foremost, and Josephine close beside him. In the beginning of the second act, their majesties the king and queen appeared upon the stage. Mademoiselle Georges, in the full splendour of her incomparable charms and her splendid figure, heightened the imposing scene by a dazzling diadem, ear-drops, and necklace, all glittering with the most superb diamonds. As she approached the imperial box, Josephine, who was leaning forward on the front rail, betrayed a hasty movement of surprise, and then suddenly, as if struck by lightning, sank back into her seat,—for in the magnificent adornment of the actress she had recognised the jewels she was so anxious to possess. During this little episode in the imperial box, Napoleon remained, as might have been expected, entirely unmoved. For the Parisian world such an incident as this was a regular mine of fresh anecdotes concerning the scenes which they opined must have taken place in the private chambers of the Tuileries after their majesties returned from the theatre."

So much for the amusements of Paris, and the idol of the Parisian people. By way of *pendant* and contrast, here is a story from the other side of the Atlantic,—the occasion being the rejoicings in New Orleans after the defeat of the British in 1814 and 1815, and the popular hero the victorious General Jackson:

"The most prominent citizens united to give the general a grand ball in the French Exchange, which would have to remain closed for three days, in order to give opportunity for the necessary preparations. Already were men intriguing for the honour of a place in the ball-committee—the treasurer Saul, for instance. Some held that none but natives should be chosen; finally, however, the two first chosen, Major D. Carmick and Commodore Patterson, both great friends of mine, declared that they could not get along without me; and to this circumstance, in connection with the fact that I had seen more great festivities than any other man in New Orleans, was I indebted for my nomination on the ball-committee. The upper part of the Exchange was arranged for dancing, and the under part for supper, with flowers, coloured lamps, and transparencies with inscriptions. Before supper, Jackson desired to look at the arrangements unaccompanied, and I was appointed to conduct him. One of the transparencies between the arcades bore the inscription, 'Jackson and Victory: they are but one.' The general looked at it, and turned about to me in a hail-fellow sort of way,

saying, 'Why did you not write 'Hickory and Victory: they are but one?' After supper we were treated to a most delicious *pas de deux* by the conqueror and his spouse, an emigrant of the lower classes, whom he had from a Georgian planter, and who explained by her enormous corpulence that French saying, 'She shows how far the skin can be stretched.' To see these two figures, the general, a long, haggard man, with limbs like a skeleton, and Madame la Générale, a short fat dumpling, bobbing opposite each other like half-drunken Indians to the wild melody of *Possum up de gum-tree*, and endeavouring to make a spring into the air, was very remarkable, and far more edifying a spectacle than any European ballet could possibly have furnished."

In another page we have another French victor, Moreau, in contrast with the mercantile spirit pure and undefiled. Moreau was in New York, and the American sympathisers honoured him with a concert and shaking of hands unparalleled elsewhere:

"Just as I got there," says our author, "a quaker had himself introduced to the latter; and shaking him heartily by the hand, uttered the following words: 'Glad to see you safe in America. Pray, general—say, do you remember what was the price of cochineal when you left Cadiz?' The victor of Hohenlinden shrugged his shoulders, and was unable to reply."

New Orleans furnishes an actual application of the old logical puzzle about Epimenides and the Cretans too curious for omission:

"I recollect particularly a remarkable criminal suit against a certain Beleurgey, the editor of one of the first American papers, *Le Télégraphe* by name, which was published at New Orleans, in the French and English languages, during 1806-7. The accused had forged the signature of a wealthy planter for the purpose of raising money; and when he was detected, had confessed his guilt to the planter in writing, and urgently besought him not to appear as prosecutor. The planter felt disposed to accede to this request; but the letter was already in the hands of justice. How, then, did Livingston manage, as the attorney and advocate of Beleurgey, to secure the discharge of the accused, notwithstanding this confession, this damning evidence of his guilt? Davezac got together witnesses, who swore before the court that they had long known Beleurgey to be the greatest of liars, from whose lips there never fell a word of truth. 'Look at this!' said Livingston to his French jury, 'the man could not tell the truth; the very acknowledgment of his guilt is a lie, for only a fool would be his own accuser. So then Beleurgey has either lied, or he has not the control of his own understanding; and in either case has not been conscious of what he was doing, and cannot be found guilty!' So the jury brought in a verdict by which he was discharged!"



Just now some of the most attractive parts of Mr. Nolte's *Reminiscences* will be those which touch upon Russia; all the more so because they were written without reference to the present excitement. The story about the quarantine at Jassy one would think possible no where but under Russian dominion; and certainly the following, with which we must end, *could* take place only in a country which so singularly unites modern organisation with old-world despotism and semi-savage caprice:

"The Grand Duchess Helena, daughter of Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, lately deceased in Paris, and wife of the Grand Duke Michael, was in Odessa, on her way to some baths in the Crimea. The princess wanted to get a wholesale idea of the commerce of Odessa, and ordered all the wheat-laden waggons to be drawn up side by side in the main street. Thus several thousand had collected, waiting for the arrival of the lady. All the water-carts also, which supplied drinking-water to the city, were ordered to occupy themselves in laying the dust. It was of no importance that the market was in want of wheat, and the citizens in want of water; they had to wait five days, and then the princess arrived. On the next day she went on board the fleet, and the waggons were then ordered to come in and unload, and the water-carts to return to their usual business. When the owners asked for compensation for their six days' loss, they were sent to the devil, and told to hold their tongues; and this is Russian justice.

"The vessel that carried the princess brought back on its return a young American named Codman, in charge of the police. He was from Marblehead, Mass., and had come out as supercargo. He had excited the attention of the police by his habit of asking questions, and popping the answers down in a note-book, &c.; and they were ordered to bring him before the emperor. He was a right inquisitive Yankee. The Czar asked the object of his visit, and his intentions when his business was ended. He replied that he wanted to see Russia for himself, that he might tell his countrymen the truth about it. The *naïveté* of the young man pleased the Czar, who, the Marquis de Custine has shown, is very anxious to hide Russian tyranny and slavery from foreigners, and to cause a belief in advanced civilisation. Here was an opportunity to get the Americans. 'So,' said the Czar, 'you want to see and learn all about Russia? Well, you shall; and at my expense. I will give you letters, and see that you are every where well received. Where do you want to go first?' 'To Moscow.' 'When?' 'The day after to-morrow, at 6 o'clock.' 'Good! the day after to-morrow, at 6 o'clock, I will send for you; be ready.'

"This narrative I got from Codman himself. The next morning appeared at the Yankee's door a very handsome drosky and horses, with an imperial coachman and two adjutants. Servants in imperial livery loaded another drosky with his baggage; the adju-

tants got into a third, and he was whirled off to Moscow and put into a second-rate hotel. He had scarcely arrived when the governor and all his staff appeared, and offered to do the honours of the city. When he had seen all the lions, he asked to go to the Crimea, and visit the camp of the army of the Caucasus. He was sent there by the governor, and so brought to Sevastopol by the flag-ship of the Russian admiral. Here he wanted to go to head-quarters, to 'see the fun.' The admiral, named, I think, Etschernicheff, who had been a midshipman of Nelson at Trafalgar, and who saw nothing in his passenger but an uneducated curious individual, got rid of him at Sevastopol. But he had nothing to do there, and asked to see the camps. He was told that the commandant, Goloffkin, had refused entrance to strangers, &c.; but he did not care. The Czar had promised him admission every where, and he would complain to him if the field-marshal refused. He grew more and more insolent every day, and was so overbearing, that there came a sudden order from imperial head-quarters to send him to Odessa, and thence over the frontiers, with some money for his expenses, and the wish for a pleasant journey to him. How he got to Trieste I did not learn; but he told me his story there, and proved that favours do not always come to intelligent men, since this crazy pate had met with such attention. He did not feel a bit grateful, nor did he make any attempt at procuring useful information. All that he talked about was his personal intercourse with Nicholas, and the fact that his majesty had been kinder to him than to any other traveller."

---

## Short Notices.

---

### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*The Branch-Church Theory, a Dialogue* (Burns and Lambert). When the leaves of the woods begin to fall, the publishing world begins to bestir itself, in anticipation of the coming "season," which, in books, is considerably ahead of that of the vegetable world. Save the second volume of Mr. Turnbull's well-executed translation of Audin's *Life of Luther*, the only Catholic publication before us is a clever little pamphlet on the standing Puseyite crotchet about "Branch Churches." The writer makes short work of its logic, but in a very temperate strain. The pamphlet is well fitted for putting into the hands of those who really imagine that half-a-dozen boughs lying separate upon the ground actually constitute one living and growing tree.

Audin's *Luther* brings with it an announcement which we much regret, to the effect that Mr. Dolman cannot make his "Library of Translations" pay, and, in fact, cannot carry it on unless better supported. This unfortunate result is, however, partly to be attributed to the somewhat unattractive character of the first book issued. Gosselin's *Power of the Popes*, however valuable to the historian and theologian, is by its nature not a popular book, and therefore has little chance with a small

body of readers like English Catholics. We trust that as the more biographical and lively volumes of the series come out, the sale will be largely increased; for it is not often that an undertaking so well deserves our general support.

*The Nemesis of Power*, by J. A. St. John (London, Chapman and Hall). To give an idea of this book, which is a furious and therefore blind and irrational tirade against what Brownson calls Cesarism, we will transcribe a few sentences:—"At the head of all Churches considered simply as instruments of mental subjugation stands the Church of Rome. Wherever intellect has exhibited a disposition to be refractory, whether against kings or priests, the Papal system, sympathising profoundly with tyranny, has invariably placed its racks and gibbets, its wheels and pulleys, its chains, dungeons, &c. &c. at the service of oppression. By a steady adherence to this policy, framed with consummate craft, and developed with intrepid villany, it has succeeded in defrauding a majority of Christian nations of their inalienable birth-right—liberty.

"Spain has sunk gradually through the chilling influence of priests and monks. In Austria and throughout Germany, except where Protestantism is established, a formidable ecclesiastical militia suppresses all tendencies towards liberalism."

Next about the Jesuits. "Scarcely any fireside is free from the intrusion of this black fraternity. The numerous revolutions in France have been rendered nugatory by them. Their mission is to inculcate immorality, servility, meanness, ignorance. They distinguish themselves by their solicitude to accomplish the apotheosis of imperial guilt. The blood of the people sends up a sweet savour to their nostrils," &c.

The mad dog who foams out this rabid nonsense announces that he is "preparing for publication" a volume, to be entitled "Philosophy at the foot of the Cross," with the motto, "I will arise and go to my Father."

---

#### FOREIGN LITERATURE.

*The Women of the Revolution*, by J. Michelet (*Les Femmes de la Révolution*, par J. Michelet). Paris, Adolphe Delahays, 1854. The *canaille* who were employed to poison the springs of education in France under the jobbery (we will not call it a government) of Louis Philippe, and whom the dawn of a better system of things chased away like evil spirits from the university which they disgraced, are determined to justify their punishment by ever-renewed proofs of their rascality. It has never been our lot to look into a more disgraceful book than this of M. Michelet. Its purpose is to provide instruments for a new reign of terror. The author foresees its commencement in the present war, which is that of the "barbarous Christianity of the East against the youthful socialist faith of the civilised West;" and he dedicates his book to the meditation of the wives and daughters of the absent warriors, in order to raise their ambition to rival the deeds of their grandmothers. The "rich juices" which produced the heroes born about 1760, "the Gironde and the Mountain, the Rolands and Robespierres, the Dantons and Camille Desmoulins, that pure, heroic, and self-sacrificing generation, were developed and evolved in their mothers' bosoms by the reading of Rousseau's *Emile*:" M. Michelet hopes that his book may have a similar effect. Moreover, it was by the women of "ambiguous character, devoted to the liberties of nature," that some of the most atrocious and



therefore most-to-be-imitated catastrophes of that black period were accomplished ; hence libertinism is exalted into an heroic virtue. But, on the other hand, such difficulties as the Vendean war were caused by the fanaticism of women inflamed by the priest ; hence this relationship between woman and priest must be branded in some way, the easiest being to call it concubinage ; and the filthy author develops his thought in the grossest terms : this, be it observed, being the only libertinage to which he seems to have the slightest objection. We were going to say, that we never yet saw a book so insanely diabolical as the present : but perhaps the devil is right ; as the fathers think that Antichrist is to be born of a witch, it might really be possible that the "rich juices" developed in a woman by the double inspiration of Michelet's book and an illicit passion should produce some monster which might put even Robespierre and Danton to the blush. If it is to be so, we venture to hope that poetical justice may be accomplished, and that M. Michelet may be its first victim.

*Historical and Literary Lectures*, by E. Souvestre (*Causeries historiques et littéraires*, par E. Souvestre). 2 vols. Genève, Joel Cherbuliez. A course of lectures on literature, delivered in the principal towns of French Switzerland in 1853, and on the whole a sensible book, though the author is too much addicted to rhapsody. The following is his account and refutation of the theory of the "Economist" on the origin of literature : "Man was first implanted on the soil which he tilled,—hence arose agriculture, *i.e.* home and family ; next the productions of the earth were exchanged,—hence trade, collections of men, towns ; then the need of exchange created commerce, roads, navigation. Then only, after being sure of what was necessary, men were able to turn to the superfluous. Firmly fixed on the foundation of political economy, well clothed, well fed, they began to look for amusement, and invented literature and the arts." On this M. Souvestre remarks : "Unfortunately, the human race with which we are acquainted has always preferred the superfluous to the necessary. The savage of the Orinoco is quite content to go without shoes, but he must have ear-rings. The negro of the coast of Guinea can give up prosperity and liberty, but he will never renounce his dances and his songs. The world is full of tribes without agriculture, commerce, or manufactures ; but there is not one without minstrels and poets.

"What must we conclude ? that man has wants of two distinct kinds ; co-ordinate with each other, because they answer to inseparable faculties of his nature. 'Man does not live by bread alone,' is the expression of an absolute truth, which reaches beyond the domain of religion. Man lives on all that corresponds to his original wants. . . . Take from him these immaterial appetites, and you have no longer the being that God created, but a fiction of your reason, a supposition, an impossibility.

"We believe firmly that art and literature are brother and sister of the first man, born in the same cradle, the same day !"

This is a specimen of his sense ; it remains to give a specimen of the rhodomontade. M. Souvestre is speaking of the Jews : 'When God gave them kings 'in His anger' (they are the words of Scripture), these kings even could not commit injustice with impunity. The priests defended the right ; and if they were silent, the prophets lifted up their voice ! They came down from their mountains in their cloaks of goat's hair, their feet naked, and the pilgrim's staff in their hands ; they appealed to the eternal laws, they pronounced their anathema against the iniquity of the mighty ! It was the liberty of the

press of that age, with the twelve (!) commandments for its charter, and for its responsible editor, God ! (!!!)"

On the whole, however, the sense outweighs the bombast; and M. Souvestre is a man who takes the side of order, right, and religion, against the socialism of the day. He appears to be a man who writes for his bread, and therefore often writes about things concerning which it would be more prudent for him to read; and we cannot quite excuse him from sometimes concealing (to use a mild term) his Catholicity, out of respect to the Protestant and Republican Swiss who listened to him and paid him. The second extract is a case in point.

*Journal of a Voyage to the Polar Seas*, by J. R. Bellot (*Journal d'un Voyage aux Mers polaires*, par J. R. Bellot). Paris, Perrotin, 1854. The interest of this journal, of which but a small portion was prepared for the press by M. Bellot's own hand, but which justifies the high expectations that were entertained of him, is much increased to Englishmen by the circumstances of his death, which he met in the service of our countrymen. Every one will be glad to read the private journal of the intrepid and generous young Frenchman. The editor, M. Lemer, has allowed to pass, if he did not himself commit, some most egregious blunders in the scraps of English which occur at intervals throughout the book. We thought that our English editors went as far as the path of error was practicable. We have read, for instance, of the pleasures of smoking in the valleys of Algeria under the shade of the grenadiers (meaning pomegranate-trees); but such faults occur in long translations, at intervals of several pages: here, not a scrap of English can occur without mistakes almost as ridiculous. Thus the *epigraph* of the memoir is a sentence from a letter of Colonel Sabine: "In promise I have rarely seen his equal, an (*sic*) never his superior;" which is translated, "En vérité, j'ai rarement trouvé son égal, jamais son supérieur!" Well may the translator put the note of admiration to the end of this most ingenious perversion of Colonel Sabine's opinion; though we have no doubt it was done in good faith, and after an infinite turning over of dictionaries to find a more literal translation of the word *promise*; but after all, it shows rather a liberal than a correct view of human nature, to make promise synonymous with performance. Throughout the book the English words are nearly always as ludicrously disfigured; thus, at p. 35, we read of the fable: *plenty powder, plenty killed*. At p. 69, "*cros* to Melville bay;" p. 65, "*mow* blindness" (snow blindness), &c. &c. At p. 104, we have the celebrated motto of Nelson, "*England expects every one to make his duty*." At p. 405, Captain Kennedy is called "a matter-of-fast man." How the gallant captain likes the imputation we cannot say; but really we think we are entitled to call an editor incompetent, when he allows such mistakes to pass. Such blunders in French words would not be tolerated for a moment in an English editor of an English book.

*Religious Philosophy; Earth and Heaven*: by J. Reynaud (*Philosophie religieuse; Terre et Ciel*: par M. Jean Reynaud). Paris, Furne, 1854. This pretence at a religious book, with its motto *Transitoriis quare æterna*, is a mere egotistical attempt to shuffle the author's private inventions into the place of the dogmas of religion. France, he says, requires theological study, especially considering the sad, fatal, and offensive tendencies to return to mediæval systems. Such a reaction could only be momentary; to be stable, religious philosophy must clothe itself in a dress similar to that which M. Jean Reynaud is pleased to provide for her. Two items of this gentleman's system will suffice to show its



character. As a man of science, he prefers the cosmogony of the Zendavesta to that of Moses (p. 108); and as a theologian, he tells us that there is no definite doctrine on the time of the creation of souls; and therefore he proposes that of their simultaneous creation with the soul of the first man, involving the pre-existence of all Adam's posterity. We have read several pages of the book without finding a single thought clearly and simply expressed; every thing is involved in a mist of conceited bombast.

---

## Correspondence.

---

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF ST. THOMAS.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

DEAR SIR,—I am afraid I did not make my meaning quite clear in the article on "Magic," with which your correspondent W. finds fault. I never intended to attack St. Thomas as a theologian, nor to hint for a moment that he really *held* the views which I maintained might be deduced from his philosophical principles. I objected to these principles, not as leading to such results in St. Thomas, whose philosophy was always corrected by his theology, but as liable to lead to such results in others, where the safeguards of faith were wanting. In philosophy St. Thomas is a follower of Aristotle; and if I have a right to criticise the heathen philosopher, I have the same right to "try my hand" on the metaphysics of his Christian follower, because "*in philosophicis, quæ ad fidem non spectant, dicta SS. Patrum non sunt majoris autoritatis quam dicta Philosophorum quos sequuntur*" (St. Thos. in 2. Sent. dis. 14. art. 2. o. et ad 1). It is not correct to suppose that in attacking his philosophy I cast a slur on the "holy doctor," or defile "the pure fountain of Catholic theology." No philosopher has ever yet steered clear of all rocks and shoals; and St. Thomas, I am convinced, would be the last to assume such a prerogative for himself.

Nor is W. correct in alleging that I have misquoted St. Thomas. In one sentence I (or the printer—for you know that I had not the opportunity of correcting the proofs) inadvertently omitted the word *virtute*, and said that the *cause contains the effects*, instead of *in virtue* (which means more than *in posse*) *contains* them; but this is of no importance, for the question was not whether the cause contains the effects, but whether the knowing faculty contains the thing known. I have asserted that the principles of St. Thomas's philosophy are these; that unless the knowing faculty in some *real* and *actual* though immaterial way contains the thing known, all knowledge is impossible,—that knowledge is a *function* of the mode in which the thing is contained in the intellect: "*Quanto perfectius est cognitum in cognoscente, tanto perfectior est modus cognitionis.*" It was my own conclusion, that whatever the intellect contains and possesses, it also has power over; and I quoted the words "as the cause contains the effect," to show that St. Thomas also seems to recognise the analogy between the possession of a thing in the intellective faculty, and the possession of a thing in the causative faculty, *i.e.* the power to effect it. The word *virtute* has nothing to do with this analogy; for whatever the intellect com-



prehends, it must comprehend *actu*, not simply *in posse*. If it comprehends *things*, they are *actual things*; if *ideas*, *actual ideas*.

My second "misquotation," which is word for word in accordance with the reading of the best edition, that of Venice, as reprinted by the Abbé Migne,—"*intellectus cognoscit esse lapidis in propriâ naturâ*," decides this question, and shows that the intellect possesses the object, not in symbol or representation, but *in essence* and *in propriâ naturâ*; not materially, but immaterially; still in a real essential way, not merely representatively and by interpretation.

My third step was to show how this principle might be perverted to the worst results if applied to the knowledge of God. In 1 *Sum.* 9, 14, art. 6, St. Thomas inquires how God knows things different from Himself. Taking for granted the old principle that all knowledge requires some sort of real presence of the thing known in the intellect, he is forced to attribute to God's essence a participation of somewhat belonging to created things,—not their matter, nor their substance, nor their qualities, nor their nature, but their *perfections*: "*Quidquid perfectionis est in quâcumque creaturâ, totum præexistit et continetur in Deo secundum modum excellentem*." Now what is this perfection, that can be separate from a thing and yet belong to it? It is (partly at least) the *form* which constitutes the thing in its individual reality—" *Omnis forma per quam quælibet res in propriâ specie constituitur, perfectio quædam est: et sic omnia in Deo præexistunt*," &c. Now we all know what the *form* is in the Peripatetic philosophy. All things consist of matter and form, one being as necessary for the individual existence as the other; matter cannot really exist without form, and therefore the form is in fact the essential and real constitutive element of the thing. Now if we say that this *form*, that the forms of all things, pre-exist in the essence of God, the result must be ultimately a confusion between God and creatures, unless the conclusion is fenced-off by such distinctions as "*modo eminentiori*," "*secundum modum excellentem*," and the like, which save the theology at the expense of the precision of the philosophy.

W. falls head over ears into this very pond; he tells us that "the nature of God embraces all that is contained in the natures below Him." Now I am as far as possible from accusing W. of confusing God with creatures; but I say that his language leads logically to such confusion.

It is not my duty to prove St. Thomas consistent, but simply that he has said what I have quoted from him. The quotations may or may not prove my point; but a person will be rather bold who denies the *realism* of St. Thomas, to such an extent as to separate entirely the thing from the idea of the thing. It is the obscure but ever-present notion of the essential reality of the idea, and the necessary connection it has with the substance of the thing known, which rendered the philosophy of the schools impotent against the pretences of magic.

I do not pretend that St. Thomas was always consistent in this realism; indeed I can quote one place where he appears to reduce the knowledge of God to a mere knowledge of the image, like ours (i. q. 14. art. 5. o.): *Deus "alia a se videt non in ipsis, sed in ipso, in quantum essentia sua continet similitudinem aliorum ab ipso"*. Yet here again it is only by maintaining the essential and objective reality of this *similitudo* in the intellect that the realist philosophy can make out that God really sees external things in their essence.

Like W., I find that it is very unsatisfactory to have to cram a controversy like this into two pages; and I must conclude by assuring him that I mean no disrespect to St. Thomas, as a saint or a doctor, when I repudiate parts of his philosophy; and that when I deduce absurd

conclusions from this philosophy, I do not intend to imply that St. Thomas would have received them for a moment. I need hardly add, that I intend no personal offence to any one; and as I do not pretend to offer any advice to W., I hope he will excuse me if I do not accept his.

I am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE ON MAGIC.

P.S. With reference to the danger of the Thomist philosophy leading to the doctrine that "created intellect is of the same nature with the divine," allow me to quote a sentence from a late work of Father Ventura, in which he is attempting to renew scholastic philosophy in France, in opposition to the modified Cartesianism which at present reigns there (*Essai sur l'Origine des Idées*. 1854):

"It is not wonderful that the human mind should guess right, should form true ideas of things, ideas which correspond exactly to their natures. Illuminated by God, it is not astonishing that it should in a measure see things as God Himself sees them. *Partaking of the same light* whereby God from all eternity formed in Himself the ideas of things, *participatio luminis divini*, it is not astonishing that the human mind should form concerning eternal things the same ideas that God Himself has of them; and that it should do, by God's permission, by grace, that which God does by nature."

Hence, as the knowledge of God is the cause of things (*Sum.* i. q. 14. art. 8), and as we partake of this knowledge, our knowledge is also in its measure the cause of things,—even of external things. This is the doctrine of the magicians, and it is logically necessary from the premises of the Thomist philosophy.

ND OF VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY ROBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,  
Great New Street and Fetter Lane.

